First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul

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THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSION TO THE GREAT MOGUL.

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THE

FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSION TO THE GREAT MOGUL:

OR,

The Story of Blessed Rudolf Acquaviva,

AND OF HIS FOUR COMPANIONS IN MARTYRDOM,
OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

BY

FRANCIS GOLDIE,

OF THE SAME SOCIETY.

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1897.

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✠

TO THE MEMORY OF

LEO MEURIN, S.J.,

FOR MANY YEARS

MISSIONARY IN INDIA,

VICAR APOSTOLIC OF BOMBAY,

THEN TITULAR ARCHBISHOP OF NISIBIS,

AND FINALLY BISHOP OF PORT LOUIS,

MAURITIUS;

EVER A TRUE LOVER OF HIS FLOCK,

AND A DEVOUT SERVANT OF

THE MARTYRS OF SALSETTE.

R. I. P.

✠

PREFACE.

THE history of the lives and martyrdom of the five Martyrs of Salsette has been frequently told in other tongues than our own with more or less fulness. Father Sacchini, the historian of the Society, wrote their Life in the beginning of 1700, which, though existing in MS., has never been published separately; but it appears almost in its entirety in his *Historia Societatis Jesu*, pt. iii. l. iv. nn. 1—24; pt. iv. l. viii. nn. 206—280; pt. v. n. 202, and nn. 177—223. Bartoli wrote of our Martyrs separately in his *Missione al Gran Mogor*, and in his posthumous work, *Uomini e fatti della Compagnia di Gesù*, l. iv. cc. 22—24.[1] Alegambe, in his *Mortes illustres eorum de Societate Jesu, &c.*, which appeared in 1657, gives a full account, frequently quoted in these pages.

[1] Referred to in the pages of this book respectively as *Missione* and *Uomini*. The references in these pages are to the editions of Turin of 1825 and 1881-6 respectively.

Other narrations are given in Tanner's *Societas Jesu usque ad sanguinis et vitæ profusionem militans*, 1567; in Ferdinand Guerreiro's *Relaçam annual das Cousas que fizeram os Padres da Companhia de Jesus nas partes da India Oriental nos annos de 1600 e 1601*, Lisbon, 1603; the substance of which is given in French by Peter DuJarric, J.S., *Histoires des choses plus memorables, &c.*, 1611, which again is translated into Latin by Matthias Martinez, Cologne, 1615. Guerreiro would seem to have had access to a diary or to letters of Blessed Rudolf. Many other writers of later date treat the subject: Bartholomew Guerreiro, S.J., in his high-flown *Gloriosa Coroa d'esforçados religiosos da Companhia de Jesus*, Lisbon, 1642; and Antony Franco, S.J., in his *Imagem da Virtude em o Noviciado da Companhia de Jesus no Real Collegio de Coimbra*, Coimbra, 1719, and in his *Annus Gloriosus*, Vienna, 1720. But Father Francis de Souza's *Oriente Conquistado a Jesus Christo pelos Padres da Companhia de Jesus da Provincia de Goa*, Lisbon, 1710,[1] has an exceptional value both for its general information and for its detailed account of Blessed Rudolf's journey to Fatehpur-Sikri, and of the martyrdom, evidently taken from first-hand sources.

[1] The references in this work are to the Lisbon edition.

An excellent reprint of this rare book was published at the *Catholic Examiner* Press, Bombay, in 1881-6, under the auspices of Bishop Meurin, S.J.

To these must be added the early Indian writers, in Elliot's *History of India told by its own historians*,[1] and the *Aini-Akbari*,[2] which gives the fullest account of the Court and surroundings of the great Emperor Akbar from an Asiatic point of view, and helps to fill in the picture sketched for us by Blessed Rudolf and the other Europeans who acompanied him. In Colonel Malleson's *Akbar*,[3] there is a most complete summary of the life and ideas of that great ruler.

To these sources must be added the *Summarium*[4] of the process of Canonization, and the recent biographies of the five Martyrs by Père Suau,[5] and by Padre Angelini.[6] Both of these works are admirably done, and every possible care and

[1] London, 1867.

[2] The work of Abul Fazal Alami, translated from the original Persian by Professor H. Blochmann, M.A. Calcutta, Baptist Mission Press, 1873.

[3] *Rulers of India: Akbar.* Oxford, 1890.

[4] *Positio super dubio an constet de Martyrio et causâ Martyrii Ven. Rodulphi Aquavivæ*, &c. Romæ, 1720.

[5] *Rodolphe d'Acquaviva et ses compagnons.* Par P. Pierre Suau, S.J. Lille, 1893.

[6] *Istoria della vita e del Martirio dei Beati Rodolfo e compagni*, dal P. Nicola Angelini, S.J. Roma, 1893.

research has been given to their production. Angelini had the immense advantage of having access to the priceless documents of the Roman archives, while Suau publishes from the Bollandist MSS. an interesting account of Blessed Rudolf's struggle to enter the Society of Jesus.

As regards the spelling of Indian names of places, the rule which has been followed—the only safe one—has been to adopt the official spelling, as regards places in British territory, of the *Indian Postal Guide* or *Hunter's Gazetteer*. Well-known places retain their accepted names while those of minor places are transliterated on uniform and correct principles. Similarly in case of places in Portuguese territory, the spelling employed in official Portuguese books and maps has been followed, as for example in the *Annuario da archidiocese de Goa*.

Among the many names of those who have largely helped the author in this work, he is bound to mention with special gratitude Colonel Malleson and Mr. W. Rees Philipps, who have given most material and valuable assistance, especially in the portions relating to India.

To Mr. Philipps he owes especially, besides his painstaking reading and correction of the proofs, the whole of the editing of the Portuguese letter

in Appendix A, and in great part its translation, a work of extreme labour because of the state of the MS. and character of the Portuguese. Father Allchin, S.J., visited the scene of the martyrdom, shortly after the Beatification, and to him for his careful notes the author is much indebted. It may be of interest to remind our readers that Minaya, the birthplace of Blessed Alphonsus Pacheco, is in the heart of La Mancha, which Cervantes had made so famous and so familiar to us by his *Don Quixote*.

FRANCIS GOLDIE, S.J.

Manresa House, Roehampton,
July 27, 1897.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE OF BLESSED RUDOLF ACQUAVIVA.

1550—1568.

THE intense interest with which the progress of discovery and civilization in the Dark Continent has been followed in our own days, enables us to gauge the interest which the Portuguese conquests in the vast peninsula of India excited in the sixteenth century. The riches of that wonderful land were already known to Europe, but the courage of Albuquerque and Da Gama had turned the stream of gold into their own land. While the swords of Pizarro and Cortes were winning a perilous splendour for Spain, Portugal was extending her boundaries east and west, till she became for a brief space one of the greatest Empires of her day. King John III. of Portugal, by sending out St. Francis Xavier, had called to the work of evangelization the new Order of St. Ignatius, and the marvellous triumphs of this new apostle filled the hearts of his brethren in Europe with a holy ambition to follow in his footsteps. In Rome, in Coimbra, in Toledo, in Belgium, wherever there was a College of the

Society, its young men contended for the favour of being allowed to share in the perils and hardships of the foreign missions. Lisbon became the emporium where these valiant heroes of the Cross gathered; and the great College of St. Anthony always contained a large number awaiting the sailing of the royal fleets.[1]

[1] See Carvalho da Costa, *Corographia Portugueza*, I. iii. p. 409. Father Antony Franco, in his *Synopsis Annalium S.J. in Lusitania*, 1726, gives lists of the various Jesuits who sailed from the Tagus from 1541 to 1723. The College of S. Antonio, called o velho to distinguish it from S. Antonio o novo, was the first permanent establishment of the Society of Jesus. It was the religious home of Simon Rodriguez and of Blessed Ignatius Azevedo, and of all the early Jesuits in Portugal. One of these was Thomas Stephens. He was an Englishman, born in the old diocese of Salisbury, which then included the three counties of Berkshire, Wiltshire, and Dorsetshire. The servant and trusted friend of the heroic confessor, Thomas Pounde, he went to Rome in 1578 to ask for his master's admission into the Society, as Pounde was then a prisoner for the faith. That same year, at the age of thirty-nine, Stephens himself entered the Novitiate at Sant' Andrea. He begged so hard to devote himself to foreign missions, that he was sent to India. He sailed from Lisbon in 1579, and reached Goa in the September or October of that year. He was Rector of Salsette for five years, and narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Hindus. His letters to England—he was the first of our countrymen who went to Hindustan—are said to have put into British hearts the desire to share in the boundless wealth of India. He was a scholar of no mean pretension. He mastered Hindustanee, and was the first to reduce to form and to publish a grammar of Konkani, the language of Salsette of Goa. His religious works in that tongue are still in use. He lived to the ripe old age of seventy. He seems to have given Cardinal Allen a plea for protesting that Englishmen should not, when needed so much at home, be devoted to foreign missions. See More's *Historia Prov. Angl. S.J.* p. 30, and Foley's *Collectanea*.

The constant news of death by sword or spear only kindled the enthusiasm of those who were left behind. A martyr's crown was an object of ambition, the hope to obtain it the cause of many a vocation. The lives and the martyrdom of those whom the Church has chosen recently to honour, are but types, if exalted ones, of hundreds of others who aspired after a like crown, and prepared for it by a life of prayer and penance. For it was no mere enthusiasm. The flame burnt brightly and fiercely from the hidden fire which had been lit in the solitude of Retreat, and in the daily meditation of the life of Christ, their King and Captain, as brought out by the Spiritual Exercises. And what makes such lives and such deaths a practical lesson to us, is that the book that set them on fire is still in our hands to-day.

Few, if any, of the families of the Kingdom of Naples had so proud a lineage as the Acquavivas, the Dukes of Atri. John Jerome, the ninth Duke, was a man of letters, and as modest as he was learned. Yet he was ready when need be to prove himself a knight, brave and skilled in war, worthy of the soldierly traditions of his house. He was chosen in a moment of danger to lead his peers against the Turks, was one of the heroes of Lepanto,[1] and had fought in Hungary.[2] But he had greater merits. Thanks, no doubt, to his pious mother, Elizabeth Spinelli, and to the

[1] Storace, *Istoria della Famiglia Aquaviva*, pp. 67, seq.

[2] Alexander Farnese fought under him. Litta, vol. i. tav. v.

example of his admirable wife, he was so good a Christian, that the Duke of Atri might have been taken for a Religious.[1]

The Duchess was Margaret Pio di Carpi. The Carpi were formerly sovereign princes of a small independent territory. But both John Jerome and Margaret were related to other families still nobler than their own. They quartered on their shields the arms of Aragon and the white cross of Savoy, while the Duchess was so nearly connected with the Gonzaga di Castiglione, that her children were fourth cousins to St. Aloysius. She was the cousin of the Cardinal di Carpi, the staunch friend at once both of St. Ignatius and of his Order. Like her cousin, she was noted for her holy life and her love of prayer; and she was as capable as she was good. In her husband's absence she could rule his household and estates. She was generous and bountiful to God's Church and to His poor; a peace-maker and a pattern to all around her.

No wonder that her family were like herself. Two of her seven sons became Cardinals of note. One, created by St. Pius V., was chosen by him to aid him in his dying moments. The other, after filling many high posts in the Church, was named Archbishop of Naples, and spent his large revenues upon the poor. A third son, Horace,

[1] Father de Bonis, S.J., an eye-witness, whose letter of 1568, quoted by Sacchini, *Historia Societatis Jesu*, pt. iii. c. iv. p. 151, is the authority for all these details. See p. 8, *infra*.

fought under his father at Lepanto. Suddenly surrounded by a number of Moslem ships, every man at his side was killed, and he alone was left unscathed. He abandoned the service abruptly to become a Capuchin. Later on he joined the Cistercians of Sta. Maria Madalena di Cistello in Florence, but again returned to his old profession of arms.[1] He was made, in after-life, the Bishop of Caiazzo.

The fifth child, Rudolf, was born on October 2, 1550,[2] in Atri, a little town in the Abruzzi, near the line from Ancona to Brindisi. The name it bore in Roman days was Hadria, in honour of the Emperor Hadrian. It stands on a declivitous height, looking out over the rich coast-line and the bright waters of the Adriatic, which is but four miles distant.

The baptismal name, an uncommon one in the family, was possibly derived from the fact that the grandmother of the Duchess, Margaret, had married, as second husband, Rudolf Gonzaga di Castiglione, the great-grandfather of St. Aloysius. The boy was marked out by God from his childhood. His delight was to escape to a little room, or to the chapel in the stately castle,[3] or still more

[1] Litta, vol. i. tav. v.

[2] Not 1551, as Alegambe and other writers, who follow him, assert. See *Summ.* p. 12, and Bartoli, *Missione*, p. 3.

[3] This building is still standing. The family has died out, or are only represented by a distant branch. The castle has passed into hands which have restored and modernized the whole.

to the Church of San Liberatore attached to the hospital close by, and there to spend his time in prayer. The presence of his Lord in the Blessed Sacrament gave him a special attraction to the hospital church. Besides daily Mass, and his Office of our Lady, he would pass three or four hours in prayer from Vespers until Compline. Not only were his hose constantly worn out at the knees, but the damp floor caused in them an ulcerous swelling, which, however, did not make him desist from his prayer, but only forced him to alter his position.

One day, a lady, Lucretia Palmeria, one of his mother's attendants, found him rapt in prayer before a crucifix. He was lost to all around. In vain she tried by calling him, or by making a noise, to bring him to his senses. She waved her hands before his eyes. But it was all in vain. There was no sign of movement. She thought he was dead, and, full of alarm, ran to tell his mother. When the Duchess entered the chapel, her child had come to himself again.

To prayer Rudolf joined penance. He allowed himself no comforts, but treated his body with great severity. He fasted every Saturday in preparation for his weekly Communion, and took so little at any time that his mother was alarmed lest he should fall into a decline. He had early vowed his virginity to God, and his care in avoiding any book or any person that might stain his soul, and his dislike of fine clothes, won for

him from his brothers the nickname of the *Stoic*. Some of his relations dared to test his virtue as the virtue of St. Thomas d'Aquino had been tested, and Rudolf conquered as his young countryman had conquered in days gone by. In later years he told his friend in religion, the home missioner, Charles Mastrilli, that God had rewarded this heroic victory by freeing him henceforth from all sting of the flesh. The story of the scandalous attempt and of its glorious issue got abroad, and he was known by the name of the Angel.

His conversation was in Heaven, and his talk was ever about God and spiritual subjects. The apostleship to the heathen was evidently a favourite topic of his. Once, when a little boy, he assured three of his pages[1] that he knew for certain that some day or other he was to go to a place far away, to India, and be killed by the foes of Christ. If any one indulged in gossip and chatter, he would gently rebuke them, so that the very sight of him made people change the subject of their conversation and be careful about their behaviour. On great feast-days he would even preach a sermon to the household, who gladly gathered round him to hear his graceful and moving words.

[1] In after years they became men of position, and formally attested to this declaration. Bart. *Missione*, p. 13; cf. Schinosi, *Historia della Compania di Gesu del Regno di Napoli*, p. 201.

Somewhere about 1563, the ardent Nicholas Bobadilla, one of the first companions of St. Ignatius, who was labouring in the south of Italy, came to stay in the Castle while preaching for some months in the little city of Atri. He would seem to have made the young Rudolf's acquaintance, and possibly their friendship was the germ of a vocation, for people got to call the boy the little Jesuit,[1] and he was very proud of the name.

Father Ermerio de Bonis, who had been received into the Society of Jesus by St. Ignatius and was a great missioner in Italy, had also visited Atri. His companion was Father Christopher Rodriguez, the friend of Don John of Austria, and who shared with him the perils and the glory of Lepanto. These two Fathers had been received with great courtesy at the Castle. Certain it is that Rudolf made a vow to enter the Society. As Father Christopher had been the chief means of inducing the boy's uncle, Claud, to leave the Papal Court and to become a humble Religious, perhaps he may have had some like influence over the nephew. Claud entered the Novitiate on July 22, 1567, and Rudolf made his solemn promise on August 7, 1567. Possibly it was at this time that he was tonsured and that he put on the clerical dress. He received the four minor orders while yet in his father's house.

[1] Schinosi, p. 201.

When Rudolf was only fourteen, he had begun, secretly at first, to go through the wards of the hospital, along the highways and byways, seeking out the poor and the suffering. He loved to seat himself on their bedsides, however wretched and dirty, and would not accept the offer of the best chair in their squalid homes. And he talked to them so gently that his words served as a solace in their sufferings. His mother soon heard of his charitable errands, and gave him free leave to give away anything he liked to the poor ones of Christ. And fully did he avail himself of the permission. Very soon it was found almost impossible to keep him supplied with linen, his shirts, his sheets, all disappeared. Nor was this enough; he frequently took off his cloak, his outer coat, or even his doublet, to give it to some beggar on the road, and so came home half-clad. Often, too, when he had nothing else to bestow, he would go aside and take off even his shirt for the poor.

One bitter wintry day, a man came in rags and shivering with cold to the castle gates. Rudolf had nothing else at hand than the rich and emblazoned hangings which covered the entrance to his room. He took them down, wrapped the beggar up in them, and sent him away rejoicing. A few days after, the man returned in his strange attire to thank the little lord for his great kindness. The footmen saw this coat of many colours, whose heraldic devices told

too well the materials out of which it had been fashioned. They rushed on him, and were just going to tear it from his back and beat him as a rogue and a vagabond, when Rudolf, roused by the uproar, appeared. In a minute he was down in the court-yard. He soundly scolded the serving-men, rescued the beggar from their clutches, and led him by the hand outside the gates.[1]

About 1568, the good Duchess fell dangerously ill. Rudolf stayed by her side, crucifix in hand, suggesting fervent and fitting aspirations, and aided her to die a truly saint-like death. He even dared to close her eyes, and then, without a sigh or tear, turned round to the Duke and his family, who were weeping around the bed, and bade them rejoice rather at so happy an end, which gave such sure promise of an endless reward. Thirty-six years afterwards, the steward of the Cathedral of Atri, on opening her coffin, found the body so incorrupt, that it was taken as a countersign of her sanctity.

[1] Bartoli, *Uomini*, p. 91.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOCATION OF BLESSED RUDOLF.

1568.

RUDOLF was now sixteen, and the Duke of Atri determined to take his son to the great capital of the Christian world, possibly to complete his studies, or to begin at once the apprenticeship for place and power, which one so highly born had a right to ambition. In fact Pius V. offered Rudolf the post left vacant by his uncle Claud. But his father was doomed to disappointment. No sooner did Rudolf reach Rome, than he went in search of the newly-received novice. He found Claud serving the sick in the hospital of the Consolazione, where, in after years, St. Aloysius was to catch his last illness in the work of love. Rudolf told his uncle of his vow and of his determination, and begged him to obtain the consent of the Father General and of the Duke. Already the young man had addressed himself to Father Christopher Rodriguez, then Provincial of the Roman Province.

Don John Jerome had fully approved of his brother Claud quitting the high career which led

to the purple, but no persuasion of Claud's could win his consent for Rudolf's entry into the Society. The Duke would not allow himself to believe that the call was from God; he judged it to be a mere youthful wish to imitate the heroism of his brother, and as he had concluded the business which brought him to Rome, he determined to take his son back to Atri, where, at a distance from the influence of Claud or of any of the Society, he flattered himself the whim would die a natural death.

However, Don John Jerome had reckoned without his host. His son considered that as he had waited several weeks for his father's sanction he was not bound to wait any longer. The very day that all was arranged for the entry of Rudolf on his new post, he stole away to Mass in Santa Maria della Strada, then the church of the Professed House of the Society,[1] where Claud was living at the time. The thought of becoming a Jesuit so filled his heart that his whole frame seemed on fire. He felt convinced it was God's wish. He went into the house and asked to see his brother. He was told that he was engaged, attending a spiritual conference. Nothing daunted, he wandered about in the garden until he came upon a lay-brother. From him he learned where the novices' public room

[1] That same year, 1568, Cardinal Alexander Farnese laid the foundation-stone of the Gesù, which was to replace the old church.

was to be found. He boldly entered. Father Alphonsus Ruiz,[1] who had the charge of the novices during their stay in that establishment, was seated in their midst. In his new robes of silk, the dress of a Papal Prelate, Rudolf threw himself down at the feet of the nearest novice and kissed them fervently and humbly. Father Ruiz stood up and had hard work to raise the prostrate youth, as he strove to crawl to each one in turn. Ruiz wished to take him aside, but go he would not till he had embraced every novice and asked their prayers that he might soon be one of their number. Then only did Rudolf go with him to his room, where the youth told him of his determination and of his vow, and Father Ruiz accompanied him to the Provincial. Father Rodriguez declared he could not receive him for many reasons. So the two Superiors led him to the saintly Father General, St. Francis Borgia, who was with his Assistants, the Fathers of the various "tongues," the Council of the head of the Order and representatives of various countries. Rudolf threw himself at the Saint's feet, and it would have melted a heart of stone to hear his pleadings and the passionate demand he made, with floods of tears, to be admitted straightway as a novice. But St. Francis felt that this was impossible, without leave of his father and of the Pope, to whose household he now

[1] See *Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka*, Quarterly Series, New Edition, 1893, p. 91.

belonged. Yet out of pity for him, it was arranged that the young man might stay while they awaited a definite answer from the Duke. They sent at once to tell his father what had happened. The compromise filled Rudolf with hope, for he thought he had touched the good General's heart. Meanwhile the would-be novice dined with St. Francis. He was almost too over-joyed to eat, and listened with delight to the reading at table. After dinner, the Father Assistants took him over the house and into the poor quarters of the novices. But he was so full of fervour that he feared no privation. "You see nothing here to please you," one of his companions remarked. "Oh, yes!" he replied, "everything in the Society pleases me. But what is it all in comparison to the Society itself?"

However, that evening, Mgr. Julius Acquaviva, his elder brother, arrived with some other prelates from St. Pius V., bearing a positive command from his Holiness that Rudolf must go back to his father at once. The Pope had yielded to the pleas of the prelate, but on the understanding that the trial was only to continue for a few days more, for, as he said, the Jesuits would never keep a youth unless there were clear signs of a call from God.

As soon as ever Rudolf knew of his brother's arrival, he hid himself. All in vain, however, for Father Claud found him, and told him he had to leave. "What would you do," asked the boy, in

tears, "were you in my place? What would you feel? How can you approve of this?" "I have nothing to say about it," replied his uncle; "I simply bring you the message from Father General, and urge you to go, as he bid me." Rudolf would not move, so others, who came up, seized him, and almost dragged him to the door. There he repeated, with fresh tears, his request to the General. When at length he met Julius, he exclaimed, "You are an enemy, and no brother; no foe could do me a more cruel turn." In vain they argued that he only wanted to be with his uncle, that he never would bear the hardships of the novitiate after the delicate and luxurious life he had led at Atri, and that it was far better for him to go back to his father, or at least to choose some other Order.

He steadfastly refused to yield, in spite of all the Fathers and the prelates could say. And when St. Francis Borgia insisted that they were only carrying out the orders of the Pope, "Ah," he replied, "what can I say, but to ask His Holiness, if I lose my soul through him, can he get me out of Hell?" A prelate begged him to leave cheerfully, and urged that one could save one's soul, and even become a saint, in the world. "Speak for yourself," he answered. "But if you knew better what it is to live in religion, you would stay here with me."

The discussion lasted till evening, when at length the General was forced to say that if

Rudolf held out, he would never receive him into an Order of which obedience to authority was the first principle. So the poor youth had to give way, though with a fresh flood of tears.[1]

He made a humble reverence to St. Francis, and said to him, "Now I go, Father; but I protest, before God and before all here present, that I do so by your Paternity's orders. From this moment," he added, "I consider myself to be received into the Society, for it has begun already to command me as if I were its subject. So I too commence to obey, and I trust I will continue to do so in the Order till my dying day." The torches were lighted, and Mgr. Julius drove off with him in his carriage. It was late when he reached the house where the Duke was staying.

He met with nothing but black looks from his father, who said gravely to him, "Son, why hast thou done this to me?" With all respect, but firmly, the boy answered that God was much more his Father than he was, and to be obeyed even against the wish of others, and without asking leave of any one. Rudolf then retired silently, and in deep dejection. For several days he hardly spoke to any one, and he spent the time in prayer, in penitence, and in fasting. He had, however, to meet every possible argument against his vocation. And no one was more active in assailing him than Cecily Orsini, his grandmother

[1] Tanner, *Societas Jesu usque ad sanguinem, &c.*, p. 240, who gives an animated and detailed account of the scene.

on his mother's side.[1] But all her words were fruitless. She pressed him, if he would be a Religious, to join an Order which might give some opening to Church preferment. "I want to break altogether with the world," was his reply, "and not to make terms with it." Another lady who pestered him with reasons why he should submit, he silenced by asking, "When, and for how long, have you studied moral theology, that you have such a profound knowledge of the law of God?"[2]

It was soon evident that the father did not intend to give way, and Rudolf appealed again to St. Francis Borgia, who, in his turn, laid his complaint before St. Pius V. The Holy Pontiff summoned Father Claud Acquaviva before him, and bade him argue out the question in his presence with his nephew, Mgr. Julius. That prelate urged that Rudolf had come to his decision without sufficient reflection, and in a fit of melancholy. But St. Pius replied that the youth was calm and bright, and he finally ruled that Rudolf was to join the Society, but only after his father had left Rome. Our Saint's long prayers, and the severe fasts by which he meantime was storming Heaven, had made him so thin and wan, that he seemed more like a walking ghost than a man. His father upbraided him for his

[1] She was the wife of the last sovereign lord of Carpi. See *Genealogy of Blessed Rodolf*, Appendix D.

[2] Tanner, loc. cit.

excessive austerities, and made him dine with him, so that he could insist on his taking proper support. Rudolf owned that he had been imprudent, but said the best remedy was to allow him to enter Religion, where his fasts would be controlled by obedience, for as things went, it seemed as if Don John Jerome would rather he died in his own home, than that he should live in the house of God. The Duke broke down. He granted his boy's petition, and gave him a very affectionate blessing. "My son," he said, "it is not you that speak, but One within you, Whom I can neither gainsay nor oppose."

CHAPTER III.

EARLY RELIGIOUS LIFE.

1568—1574.

As soon as Rudolf got his father's consent, without another word he ran off, dressed as he was, and without an attendant, to the Professed House. But the porter was not inclined to let him in, after what had passed, till he had consulted the Superiors. So the young man was left waiting for some time outside. The Brother in due time returned with one of the Assistants, and Rudolf entered, shouting, "Victory, victory!" He told the Fathers that at last he had wrung from his father his consent. But when he was submitted to the usual examination, it was found that he had received very little education, neither had he the strength to become a lay-brother. Accordingly, St. Francis Borgia sent word to say that he had better remain at the Vatican for the present, where he could go on with his studies and confirm his vocation. This was a terrible blow to Rudolf, and he broke out into such sobs and tears as softened the hearts of the Assistants, and they went back to the General to beg him to

reconsider his resolution. The result was that the postulant was admitted. He hardly knew how to contain his joy at the news, and with the fatherly embrace of St. Francis Borgia, he began his novitiate. This was on April 2, 1568.

Rudolf was then seventeen years old. There was at that time in the Novitiate the youth from Poland, Stanislaus Kostka, whose generous struggles to become a Religious bore some resemblance to his own. How long they lived together, or if they were ever actually under the same roof, cannot be told for certain, as in those days the novices were divided, and they lived either in the Roman College, or in the Professed House, or at Sant' Andrea on the Quirinal. But that Rudolf had a deep devotion to St. Stanislaus is certain, because after the death and burial of the Saint he tried to obtain for the novices' chapel the precious relic of his skull. The body, however, was found so perfect that no one ventured at that time to separate the head from the body.[1]

The new novice began his religious probation in earnest. So thoroughly did he desire to follow in the footsteps of his Divine Master, that on the plea of having made no studies, he now actually begged to be allowed to be a lay-brother, and when that was refused him, he did his best to be taken for one, both at home and abroad. He always sought the society of the Brothers, and talked to them with a simplicity that quite con-

[1] *Story of St. Stanislaus*, p. 162.

cealed, not only his advantages of birth, but even the natural gifts which he possessed. If he had been stubborn in his resolve to follow what he knew to be the voice of God, he was now perfectly submissive to every order, just because he recognized in them the same voice.

A MS. account of the Novitiate of Rome records that "Rudolf was noted for his holiness, especially for his charity, humility, and obedience; and he often expressed himself in such a way about these virtues, that it seemed impossible that he should have his knowledge by mere natural means."[1]

So rapidly did he advance in virtue that for the second year of his probation Rudolf was sent to Macerata, where the Society had founded a College, which was then in extreme poverty. He left Rome at the beginning of May, 1569, after having taken privately the religious vows of devotion.[2] His work there was to complete his classical studies, for the University of that town made it quite a centre of literary activity. But to his educational labours he had to join the duties of Refectorian, which involved the charge, and no light one, of the community refectory. The house was so poor that one of the Brothers, John de Saint Antoine, a Frenchman, had to go out and beg for wine among the vineyards in the

[1] Angelini, p. 20.

[2] The first public vows are only taken after two years of novitiate.

neighbourhood. Rudolf never ceased till he had got permission to accompany the Brother. He borrowed an old and short habit from the Brother cook, and the remains of a worn-out hat, and in this guise he was to be seen in the streets and on the roads, leading an ass with a barrel on its back. When they reached the cellars, the Brother would go down into them, while Rudolf waited outside, and when it got whispered about that the young man was a son of the Duke of Atri, people were amazed at his poor clothes and his lowly mien.

While at Macerata, in 1570, the venerable prelate, John Jerome Albani, the Governor of the March of Ancona, whose official residence was in the town, often paid a visit to the College, and became a great friend of Acquaviva. In the May of 1570 there came the good news that he had been promoted to the dignity of Cardinal, and that Julius Acquaviva, our novice's brother, was to share the same honour at the next promotion. The prelate would let no one else give Rudolf the intelligence but himself. But he was astonished to see that the young Religious showed no signs of satisfaction. On the contrary, he burst into tears, and said, in a tone of conviction: "How much more pleased should I have been to have heard that he had become a Jesuit." He excused his grief by dilating on the responsibilities and dangers of the dignity.

In 1570, Blessed Rudolf was recalled for a brief

space to Rome, probably to take his vows in public. Next year, 1571, he continued his studies at the Roman College. He was sent with his uncle to pay his respects to the new Cardinal. His brother, Claud, was well known at the house, and was at once admitted; but Rudolf was so humble and modest, that he was taken for a lay-brother companion, and left in the waiting-room, where he withdrew into a corner. When Father Claud missed him, one can imagine the horror of the servants, who found they had treated the brother of his Eminence in such a way. Our Saint so studiously concealed his talents as to accept with joy, as he afterwards told his fellow-student, Nicholas Orlandini, the historian of the Society, an open defeat in a public disputation. While he was engaged on his course of philosophy, which lasted for three years, his Superiors had to warn him not to hide his light under a bushel, and they were soon amazed at the great talents he displayed. In fact, at the close of his philosophy he was much sought for by the Superiors of various houses of the Society. He was sent as *repetitore*, or tutor of philosophy[1] to the German College, while making his divinity studies, and he there gained the hearts of all. And no wonder, for charity was the mainspring of all his virtues. He was ever attentive to the wants of others, ever ready to share their burdens,

[1] Sacchini says that his special work was to coach his pupils in the physical sciences.

especially when the work was lowly. He loved to wait at table and to serve in the kitchen. But the infirmary was his place of delight, and he strove by word and deed to comfort and assuage the sufferings of those who were sick. He was never put out at whatever happened, but his face showed the tranquillity of his soul, and was ever radiant with a gentle smile.

Though so delicate, and though all kindness to others, he was cruel only to himself. The Italian winters, short-lived but sharp, used to make his hands break out in chilblains, which became open sores. But he sought no remedy, and only strove to conceal his pain. His room, if it deserved the name, for the old Roman College was but a collection of miserable tenements, had for its sole adornment a small devotional print, and near it his discipline, with a table on which were a few books. Every day he scourged himself; he often wore a hair-shirt, and his fasts were almost continual.

While Blessed Rudolf had the profoundest respect for other Orders, whose antiquity, he used to say, deserved special honour, he was zealous for the perfection of his own Institute, and this was the subject of his constant prayer. His talk was almost entirely about self-conquest, the value of humility, or upon his studies. He was never heard to say a word against another, but was always glad to hear anything in the praise of his neighbour, for he held it a duty not to conceal whatever might redound to their

credit. He kept up no regular correspondence with his relatives, but was ever ready to write, if needed, letters on behalf of any of their vassals, or dependants, who might come to him to seek aid or protection from any injustice at the hands of the Duke's agents or officers. These he never failed to speak to with great frankness, yet modestly, and to bid them to be faithful in their duty to God. His rare letters were treasured by his family as precious relics.

Father Charles Mastrilli was for four years his fellow-student, and for some time shared his room with him. He was very much struck with his unswerving goodness, and used to say that, closely as he noticed him, he never could detect in him any fault, however slight, and that it was hard to say in what virtue he chiefly excelled, so modest, so charitable, so humble was he. Necessarily, the queen of his heart was obedience. He looked with perfect simplicity to his Superiors for the expression of their wish as to all things, great or small, in the ordering of his life. Nor could any one have guessed his high birth from any word or action of his, save from his inborn gentleness and refinement. But even this he tried to hide under a straightforward and downright way of acting, and by his love for lowly and servile work.

In 1574, when only twenty-eight, Cardinal Julius Acquaviva, after but three years' Cardinalate, was stricken with a mortal illness. No one

dared to tell him that death was close at hand. Rudolf had to fulfil this painful duty, and to break the truth to his brother. Nor did he leave him till his last breath; and he prepared him with the same devotion that he had shown, when a boy, to his dying mother.

In his letter of condolence to his eldest brother, Albert, Rudolf wrote: "Curb your grief with the thought that Julius is better off than he was here below, and that he is reunited with our dearest mother. Reflect too that these are warnings sent us by our Lord, to give up with a free heart everything to Him."[1]

The venerable Rector of the German College, Father Michael di Loreto,[2] valued Rudolf most highly. He gave him the charge of the Sodality, and the very look of the young Religious forced the boys to be good,[3] and he did everything he could to foster their piety.

Among those who were in the German College with Blessed Rudolf, there was a youth from the

[1] Angelini, p. 30.

[2] Michael was a Dalmatian, but born in Recanati. He was a choir-boy in the Basilica of Loreto, and he ever bore, as if it were his own, the name of the place he loved so well. He entered the Society of Jesus, and after being Rector of the Jesuit College of Bologna, he was called to the new German College, lately founded in Rome. During his long rectorate, he modelled that celebrated Seminary, and endeared himself to the many students who passed through it. It was there that Rudolf had come to know him. See *Historia Societatis Jesus*, p. v. t. ii. l. vii. pp. 313, seq.

[3] "Pelli se tacite ad pietatem alumni sentiebant." Cordara, *Historia Coll. Germano-Hungar.* t. ii. p. 61.

shores of the Lago Maggiore, that glorious lake which reflects in its blue waters the rich islands and beautiful villages on its banks. He came from Ascona, a Swiss village at the foot of the Alps, though once Italian territory. His name was Peter Berno, and he was born in 1550, of humble parents. He was a cleric from childhood, and was studying Latin in his native town, when his father went to seek his fortune in Rome, and took him, with his elder brother, to the Eternal City. His father soon died, but Peter, who had always led a watchful, prayerful, and holy life, obtained the post of prefect in the German College. There he studied philosophy, and attended lectures with the students under his charge at the Roman College. No doubt Rudolf Acquaviva coached him with the others. In time, Peter went forward to his theology, and when he was about to complete his studies, and to be ordained, his family earnestly begged him to return to his Alpine village, to say there his first Mass.[1] But he had other thoughts. And when twenty-five years old, he begged and obtained the privilege of being admitted into the Jesuit Novitiate, on July 2, 1577.

[1] The memory of Blessed Peter Berno is still cherished in his native place. Pictures of the seventeenth century are to be found in two of its churches representing his triumph, and his house is held in veneration. The street in which it stands is called Via dei Beati, as in it there is the former house of another saint of the village, Blessed Frances Catharine Vacchini. Angelini, p. 158.

CHAPTER IV.

ALPHONSUS DE PACHECO.

We must leave Acquaviva and Berno in the quiet of the German College, while we tell the story of the early life and vocation of one who was to be their companion in India and a sharer in their crown.

The family of Pacheco is among the most illustrious of Spain, the head of the house being the Marquesses of Villena and Dukes of Escalona, so well known in Spanish history. A branch of this family had been established at Minaya, a place in New Castile, and in the diocese of Cuenca, on the road from Madrid to Valencia. John, the second son of Francis Pacheco, Lord of Minaya, by his marriage with Catherine de Alarcon y Cabrera, of the great family of the Counts of Valverde,[1] had three children, Francis, Alphonsus, and John. Francis succeeded his father and married a Guzman, while John became an Augustinian.

[1] Fernan Martinez Zevallos took the town of Alarcon, not far off Minaya, from the Moors, and his descendants bore the name of Señores de Alarcon. Angelini says that Francis married Joan Alvarez y Cabrera, p. 37. See App. E.

Alphonsus, the second son, born about 1551, went when quite young to the new Jesuit College of Belmonte, which his relative, the Duke of Escalona, founded in 1558 on one of his estates. There were as many as a thousand scholars, many of them of high family, attending the classes. He was a boy of a sweet and docile character, and naturally pious. His virtue had grown vigorous and fruitful under the shelter of a good home and the excellent guardianship of the Fathers of Belmonte. Nor was he less conspicuous for his talents, which won him the first place among his fellow-students. In 1567, when sixteen years old, to the delight of his parents, he begged and obtained permission to join the Society. It was on the 8th of September that he entered the newly-erected Novitiate of Villarejo de Fuentes. This house had been founded by one of Alphonsus' own family, a brave old soldier of Charles V., John de Silva y Pacheco, whose nephew, Garcia de Alarcon, left the service of his King to enter the Society of Jesus, and said his first Mass on the opening of the new church, March 18, 1567.

Alphonsus was one of the very earliest novices at Villarejo, and was noted for his zeal in aiming at perfection. When his two years of trial were run, he was sent to the College of the Society at Alcalá, to study philosophy and theology. There he had the privilege of living under a Superior whose vocation to the Society had startled the

learned world some ten years before. Peter Sanchez, the son of poor parents, had by his talents, while young, won the position of Rector and of Professor of Philosophy in the University of Alcalá. In 1569, the year of Blessed Alphonsus' arrival, Peter had been named Rector of the *Collegium Maximum*, the great centre of higher studies of the Society of Jesus in that University. He was naturally a leader of men, but gentle and lovable to those who knew him, and all found in him a friend.

Alphonsus had for professor, John Azor, and, as fellow-student, Gabriel Vasquez, both so well known as illustrious theologians, and who in after life were to be the professors of St. Aloysius at the Roman College.[1] Pacheco, silent, modest, and humble as he was, soon won the affectionate reverence both of strangers and of his community alike by his ardent and consistent practice of virtue. His whole aim was self-conquest. To keep himself up to the mark, he tried to live every day as if it were to be his last, and to do all he had to do as perfectly as if he were preparing to go at once before God. His spiritual duties, meditation, self-examination, and prayer, were his great employments, to which he gave every moment that was over from study. He struck terror into the hearts of all who heard the violence with which he wielded the scourge against himself. Often he would go down the

[1] Cepari, *Life of St. Aloysius*, Schroeder, English Edition, p. 153.

crowded streets dressed in a threadbare and tattered cassock, without the customary mantle, with an old hat, and with porringer in hand, to get what meals he could among the throng of the miserable poor who crowded at the doors of the religious houses, the great hidalgo often eating off the same platter with dirty and repulsive beggars.

Blessed Alphonsus exercised a fruitful apostolate by his wise and burning words amongst the crowds of University students who frequented the lectures, and he loved to visit the gaols and hospitals and comfort their suffering inmates, and to teach Catechism to the street arabs and to the peasants. His one desire, for which he pleaded with the Father General, was to be allowed to go to Japan, lately opened to the faith by its apostle, St. Francis Xavier. But his Superiors in Spain, who knew his worth, urged his value so strongly, that the General was not likely to grant his prayer. Whenever the subject was brought under discussion by the governing body of the College, his request was invariably negatived by a universal vote.

Upon Father Valignano, then but thirty-eight, and who had been but seven years in the Society, his General conferred, in 1574, the weighty charge of Visitor to the Jesuit missions in the far East. He was ordered to collect a large band of workers; and from every Province of the Order earnest requests poured in from volunteers for this dan-

gerous mission. When Valignano passed through Alcalá, Pacheco conjured him to accept him as one of the party, and all Father Alexander saw and heard of Alphonsus made him only the more anxious to obtain his services. But the authorities of the College would not give their consent. Their Province, that of Toledo, had been generous above its fellows; for while the other Spanish Provinces of the Society of Jesus gave but three or four recruits, it had given no less than twelve.

These were all awaiting at Lisbon the moment of departure, when one of them, a lay-brother, fell dangerously ill. There was no chance of his being well enough in time to sail, so the Visitor wrote to Father Anthony Cordeses, the new Provincial of Toledo, to require another in place of the sick man. The substitute, Valignano insisted, must come at once. Cordeses was at Alcalá. He called together his Consultors. Alphonsus knew or guessed what was the question under discussion, and got sixty of his fellow-students to join him in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament for a special intention, the nature of which he did not reveal. The question had been again and again discussed, and always decided in the negative. But when the consultation was over, the Provincial left the room, sought out Pacheco, and, clasping him to his heart, told him the good news that he was appointed to the Indian Mission. The only condition attached

was that he should have the consent of his eldest brother, Don Francis.[1]

Blessed Alphonsus hastened to tell his companions that their petition had been granted, and then went off to Minaya. His brother absolutely refused his consent. There was no help but in prayer. The answer came in an unforeseen way. Francis was stricken with illness which confined him to his bed. He saw the hand of God in this, withdrew his refusal, and got better. His brother made all haste to reach Lisbon. The joy was mutual when at last Alphonsus met Valignano. "The Fathers," wrote the Visitor to the Father General, "have sent me, in lieu of the lay-brother who fell ill, one of the scholastics from Alcalá, whom I specially wanted. He is called Alphonsus Pacheco. Besides being of very high family, he is a young man of great promise as a future Superior, and, in fact, for any post whatever. Thus it is plain to see the reverence and affection which his Superiors have shown towards your Paternity in sending him."

The missioners stayed in a portion of the old Professed House of San Antonio o velho. Their time on shore was spent in prayer, in works of mercy and of penance. At last, on March 9, 1574, a large party of missioners, some forty-two[2]

[1] Suau gives him the name of Peter, p. 145.

[2] Franco, who gives the names, states that there were only thirty-nine. But de Souza gives the number of forty-two, with their names, and this is confirmed by Sacchini, *Historia Societatis Jesu*, pt. iv. l. ii. n. 93.

in all, embarked in a fleet of five vessels. It was not, however, until the 21st that a breeze sprang up which enabled them to leave the Tagus. The voyage was most favourable, and Goa was reached towards the end of September. Father Valignano learned to value still more the worth of Alphonsus during the long months passed on board; and on his arrival, he ordered him to receive Holy Orders, and placed him in the post of Minister, or second in authority in the College of Goa. Alphonsus longed to be sent to Japan, but he submitted cheerfully to his Superior's will, and when he was removed to be Socius, or Secretary, to the Provincial, a post he held for a year, his loss was much felt by the community.

From India, Father Pacheco was despatched to Europe, at the close of 1578, on business of grave importance with the Pope, the Father General, and the King of Portugal. The very confidence shown in him by this important commission shows how highly he was esteemed in India, and we are not surprised to find that the Superiors of the Mission were fearful lest he might not be allowed to return, but be employed in some high position at home. Father Vicente, the Provincial of India, Father Nunes, the Rector of Goa, and many others, wrote to implore that Alphonsus might be sent back to them. And when Father Pacheco had reached Cochin, and was about to sail for Europe, he received from Father Vicente the following lines: "Courage,

Father, and do not forget that ever since you came to this land, you have been entirely devoted and given up to it. May the Lord grant, then, that we may not lose you. In fact, though I feel how right it is that you are being lent for the good of this Province, were I about to die I should be profoundly grieved if I thought that it was to be deprived of your aid."

The Provincial even wrote to the Father General: "I am sending to Rome Alphonsus Pacheco, to inform you of the state of our affairs. You can safely trust him in everything, just as you would trust me. For he is a man of thorough prudence, virtue, and experience, and is acquainted with every person in this Province, both those in this College, where he has been Minister for three years, and those elsewhere, because for a year he has been Socius and Secretary of the Provincial, during which time he visited the various Colleges in my company. And above all, he is a true son of the Society. For all these reasons I beseech you earnestly to send him back to us without fail. For I consider this Province would suffer a very serious loss, if it were to lose him."

CHAPTER V.

BLESSED RUDOLF'S CALL TO INDIA.

1574.

NEXT to his deep devotion to our Lady and to St. Ignatius, Rudolf had a special affection for St. Francis Xavier. His old idea of becoming a missioner was ever growing stronger, and he hoped to gain his wish through the prayers of the Apostle of the Indies. When he heard that the Jesuit Procurator, or Agent, of the Missions in the East was expected in Rome, he redoubled his penances and scourged himself cruelly for a quarter of an hour each night. To these austerities he joined fervent prayer, especially at the time of Mass and Holy Communion. When the day came, he went to meet the Procurator, Father Martin de Sylva, outside the gates of Rome. And on seeing him at a little distance, Rudolf ran up to him, and throwing himself at his travel-stained feet, tenderly kissed them, declaring he would not rise without a promise on his part that he would take him with him to India. Father Sylva gladly promised to do so, for, as he afterwards owned, he felt irresistibly forced to accept the services of the young man, though to himself a total stranger.

Accordingly, he begged Rudolf's Superiors to sanction his generous offer. The General, Father Mercurian, who had succeeded St. Francis Borgia, was naturally inclined to allow him to go, for he was full of interest in the foreign missions; but the Assistant for Italy, Father Benedict Palmi, with the Rector of the Roman College, Father Lewis Maselli, and others in authority, urged that it was pure loss to send so delicate a man to face the hardships of the six months' voyage, and the still greater trial of a tropical climate. His birth, his talents, his virtue, all combined to make Rudolf one from whom great things might be expected. The General naturally demurred in face of such representations. Besides, the broken health of the young Acquaviva was at the time quite sufficient reason to prevent his sailing for India. Rudolf bowed respectfully to the decision, but declared that he was sure he would some day be allowed to go. And he only prayed the harder, used sharper penance, and pressed his claims the more warmly with Heaven.

There was at the time a layman, a servant, in the Roman College who had a high reputation for holiness, Benedict Nursino, a countryman of Acquaviva, from Amatrice in the Abruzzi. Rudolf begged him to commend his cause to God. One day Benedict met him in the garden, warmly embraced him, and said: "O fortunate young man! your health will become strong enough to enable you to make the voyage across the seas,

and to shed your blood for the faith. The Queen of Heaven has made known this to me."[1] Benedict became one of the first companions of St. Camillus de Lellis, in his new Congregation of the Ministers of the Sick and in his work for the dying.

In 1576, Rudolf grew so ill that he was sent to Frascati to spend the summer there. He wrote to Father Michael di Loreto: "God's goodness deals very kindly with me, and I grow stronger every day. As obedience bids me, I give all the attention I can to my health, and I trust I shall return to Rome more fit for work. Father, pray God that as I am fattening up this body—it is no longer my own—so He may fatten up my soul which is also His. This I earnestly beg of you. You know how hard it is to take care of the body and to preserve the vigour of the soul. Good-bye. July 7."

The Rector of the Roman College had written to Father Claud Acquaviva, who had then lately been made Provincial of Naples, to persuade him to recall Rudolf, both because a more southern climate would be better for his health, and because he felt sure that his example would be a spur to his companions to imitate his virtue. This request reached Rudolf's ears, and he wrote to his uncle imploring him not to stand in the way of *his aim*.

[1] Rossi, *Vita S. Camilli de Lellis*, p. 119, Rome, 1651; cf. Schinosi, *Istoria della Comp. di Gesù di Napoli*, p. 210.

Rudolf, as is the custom for the students of the Society when writing to one of their Order, wrote in Latin. The object he had in view was the Indies. But of this he had not spoken to any one but to his General and Provincial. Father Claud naturally thought he was asking to be allowed to finish his studies at Rome. No doubt with such professors as Toledo, Gagliardi, and Bellarmine, there was full justification for such a plea. The words "his aim" accordingly merited for Rudolf a lecture from his uncle, as if they were a fault, in expression at least, against poverty and obedience.

At last Father Mercurian, who had been praying earnestly for light, quite unexpectedly gave his consent that Blessed Rudolf should go to India. He declared that he could not any longer refuse what was so manifestly a call from God, and was sure that all would turn out for the best.[1] The General did not even consult Father Claud Acquaviva, though Rudolf was both his nephew and his subject. The students at the German College deeply regretted his leaving, and several would willingly have gone with him. Father Mercurian gave Rudolf as a parting gift a little print of our Lady, and this he wore ever next to his heart.

Thirteen Jesuits, missionaries, were to sail for India that year, of whom eight were to be from Rome. Four had already been sent to Lisbon; other four had to follow them. But one of these

[1] Alegambe, *Summ.* p. 10, § 8.

last had not as yet been selected. Father General Mercurian had appointed Nicholas Spinola, because of his years and priestly character, as the head of the party, and he gave him leave to choose any novice he liked from Sant' Andrea as the fourth. Accordingly, one day the General took Father Nicholas with him to the Novitiate.[1] It would have seemed a risky experiment, but God no doubt had arranged it all for the best. The Master of Novices, Father John Baptist Pescatore[2] was summoned, and the whole body of novices were assembled, some seventy or more. The object of the visit was explained, and any one who wished to volunteer was asked to step forward. At once each and every one of the novices went on their knees and begged to be chosen. Father Spinola chose Brother Peter Berno. Added to his age and his strongly-built frame, there was a special look of holiness in his face which determined the choice. One condition, however, was wisely made, that he was to finish his probation at Lisbon before sailing. So a novice of but four months was taken, and the others left.

When the news reached Peter's brother William, the young man went off at once to the Novitiate to try to turn the novice from his purpose. On reaching Rome, he threw himself on his brother's neck, but while they clasped each other in a long

[1] Angelini, p. 48.

[2] Cf. Cepari's *St. Aloysius*, Schroeder. English Edition, p. 139.

and close embrace, not a word could either of them utter, and William went away without even endeavouring to dissuade Peter from his high resolve. The Assistant for Portugal, Father Peter Fonseca,[1] brought the four missioners with him to an audience of the venerable Pontiff, Gregory XIII. He talked kindly with each, asked many questions about them, and encouraged them to face and to bear bravely the perils of their new life. "Go, my fortunate children. We would gladly accompany you," he said. And then he added, prophetically, "The Lord lead you and bring you home again into this country," and so he blessed them. His words were verified as to Spinola and Ruggieri, both of whom came back on the affairs of the Mission, and remained in Europe.

The missionaries left Rome at the end of November, 1577. Father de Sylva and his four companions set out on foot for Leghorn. Brother Berno was met by a cousin at Viterbo, who, strange to say, like William Berno, had his tongue tied when he tried to bid him farewell. At Leghorn they embarked for Genoa. A furious storm arose. The cowardly sailors deserted their ship. They threw themselves into the sea and swam for their lives. Spinola followed their example.

[1] Fonseca, amongst his other works of zeal, was the founder of the Irish College at Lisbon, and for the benefit of the sailors of various nations in the great port of Lisbon, obtained Fathers from various nations to hear the confessions and watch over the spiritual interests of their fellow-countrymen. Jouvancy, p. 822.

But Acquaviva and his other two companions could not swim, and as the boat must have perished when left to the mercy of the waves, they promised that if they came safe to shore they would go barefoot to the nearest shrine of our Lady and there approach the sacraments in thanksgiving. No sooner had they pronounced their vow than the wind fell and the sea grew so calm, that the crew turned back and regained the vessel. They landed at Portofino, near Genoa, and the missioners fulfilled their engagement. Was this at the then newly-established sanctuary of the Madonna at Montallegro hard by, in the exquisite position which deserves so well its name? The travellers reached Genoa on foot. There they took a ship bound for Cartagena.[1] A second tempest overtook the vessel in the Gulf of Lyons. It raged during a whole week, but for twenty-four hours such was its fury that there seemed to be no hope of safety. The crew and the passengers filled the air with their shrieks; Rudolf, however, was calm and radiant as if he were in perfect safety. He had something still harder to bear, when the storm had passed, in the scorn and injuries he met with from some Religious on board, who attacked him merely because he belonged to the Society of Jesus.

Blessed Rudolf alludes to this sad episode in a letter he wrote from Lisbon to the Father General. "Satan has not failed to sow some

[1] Angelini, pp. 50, seq.

discord amongst us because of difference of opinion. It was nothing of great moment. Yet our Lord let us see the devices of our astute foe, that by common consent we might close the door against him, and so for the rest of the journey live in the greatest charity. This our weakness made me feel how needful it was for all who are going to India to be forearmed to ward off temptations against obedience and charity. These seem to me the two virtues most exposed to danger, and if a few fail in these, it may prove a hindrance to the greatest good." Father Acquaviva made no answer to his opponents but by patient silence, and he spoke highly of them to the others.[1] The party landed in Spain and went to Portugal by land, by Cartagena or Alicante, and so through Murcia, making some stay at Toledo.[2] Blessed Rudolf did not reach Lisbon till the middle of February, where he was received by King Sebastian with great respect and affection.

Lisbon was then one of the first cities in Europe, a centre of great commercial activity, its buildings of stone stretching out, as to-day, along the heights overlooking the broad Tagus. Neither the magnificent Jesuit Church of the Professed House, dedicated to St. Roch, nor the vast Novitiate, nor the College with its new Church of St. Antonio, were then in existence, and possibly Father Acquaviva awaited his departure

[1] Bartoli, *Uomini*, p. 109. [2] Bartoli, *Missione*, p. 16.

at Coimbra, where the splendid College, the Seminary of the Indies, had special accommodation for those who were going to sail from Portugal to foreign missions.[1] A life of great austerity served as a preparation for the hardships to be undergone aboard ship and in savage lands.

Rudolf wrote a letter to the Father General on his arrival in Portugal: "As you ordered me," he says, "when leaving Rome, and as my duty bids me, I hasten to tell you how I am. By God's mercy, I feel pretty well, and have plenty of strength to serve Him in India. And I doubt not that our Lord has been my helper in this, thanks to your prayers, for every one is astonished that I am very much better now than when in Rome. From these and numberless other favours which God has shown me on this journey, it seems to me clear that I am destined for India by a very striking Providence. Be sure, Father, that though my going will be of no use to any one else, it will be a gain to me such as no words can tell. And so thoroughly am I content and such is the pleasure I feel at my destination, that I would not change my vocation for the whole world. For I have already learnt that it is quite another thing to serve God amidst difficulties, and that those virtues which people think they

[1] *Documents inédits concernant le Cie. de Jesus*, publiés par le Père Carayon. Poitiers, 1864, tom. iv. pp. 20—22.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 30.

possess, when praying in their rooms, without any opportunity of practising them, are oftentimes rather make-beliefs than virtues at all. Accordingly, I am most deeply in your Paternity's debt for having chosen me for a post of which I am so unworthy. And it makes me all the more ashamed when I see in Spain and Portugal so many holy servants of God who have asked for this, yet without success. But, as I believe, *the weak things of the world God has chosen* to prove that, whatever may be done, is His work.

"In conclusion, I earnestly beg you, Father, to consider me as one of your children, though so unworthy. For nothing gives me such confidence in my journey as your prayers and blessing. As long as I have them I fear nothing. I always carry about on my heart, as a memorial of your fatherly care, the picture of our Lady which you gave me on leaving, and every day I pray our Lord before it to guide and watch over your Paternity."

While awaiting the sailing of the fleet, Rudolf was ordained priest, and on the feast of St. Gregory the Great, March 12th, he said his first Mass. His one yearning was to be himself a victim, and he caught at anything which seemed to promise the fulfilment of his hopes. Nearly every night while at Lisbon he had a copious bleeding from the nose. The Italian Father, Ruggieri, who shared the room with him, said as a joke that it was a sign that he would shed his

blood for Christ. This remark so delighted him that he could not control his joy, and he betrayed it by a radiant smile.

Two days later, on March 14th, the fleet sailed.[1] It consisted of three vessels, aboard of which there were fourteen missioners. Among these were George Carvalhal, of Viseu, in Portugal, who was to perish in 1592 by poison at the hands of the pagan Japanese;[2] George Fernandes, of Lisbon, who was decapitated by the natives, while hearing confessions of Christians on the Island of Java;[3] the Procurator, Father Martin de Sylva; Balthasar Sequeira, the first Jesuit who entered Siam,[4] and three other Portuguese. Worthy companions of these were Michael Ruggieri, the Neapolitan who led the way for his brethren into the Empire of China, Matthew Ricci, the most famous of all those who were to labour in that strange land, and Francis Pasio, who became Vice-Provincial and Visitor of Japan.[5] Two other Italians, one of whom already named, Nicholas Spinola, and a Belgian,

[1] So Franco says, in his *Synops. Annal. S.J.* pp. 116, 118. Bartoli, *Missione*, p. 16, gives as the date the 24th of March.

[2] *Historia Societatis Jesu*, pt. v. c. 1, p. 586.

[3] *Oriente Conquistado*, pt. II, c. 3, d. 2, p. 18.

[4] *Historia Societatis Jesu*, pt. v. tom. II, p. 512.

[5] Francis Pasio, a Bolognese, was then twenty-four. He died at Macao, in 1612. He was privileged to have a special audience with the all-powerful Iyéyasu, the Daifusama of Bartoli. Francis could play the courtier so well as to please the proud nobility of Japan. Bartoli, *Asia*, vol. iii. p. 251.

Roger Bervoets,[1] completed the number. Just before sailing, Rudolf wrote an affectionate letter to his old Rector of the German College, Michael di Loreto. But that Father had gone to his reward a short time before, on the very day upon which our *Beato* said his first Mass.

"I have now one foot on land and one on sea. My thoughts are partly on the ocean, partly in India. My heart is troubled by a sort of fear; I know not what awaits me there. But my mind foretells that it is something good. I wish you were my companion. My berth on the ship, though really a prison, looks to me like a tomb. It is but two feet wide and two feet high, so that I cannot even kneel down. We are forced in this narrow corner to pray either sitting down or prostrate. Yet for all this *we are glad* at the message, *We shall go into the House of the Lord*, and because we are made like to the Cross of our Lord. In our cabin we have a number of remarkable relics. Fancy our delight at being with the saints of God on the wide sea. Farewell."

The relics were those of martyrs, of a St. Boniface, of one of St. Ursula's companions, and of one of the Theban legion.[2] The ships sailed on the 24th of March, 1578. The voyage was in

[1] His name does not appear among the Jesuits of the Flandro-Belgian Province of the Society. He possibly entered the Order in Portugal. The name is given as *Reubos* by Franco.

[2] Bartoli, who in the fashion of his time, makes free with his documents, inserts their names in the body of the letter. The text is taken from Alegambe, p. 130.

every way one of the most prosperous that the Portuguese East Indian fleet had made. On June 20th they passed the Cape of Good Hope, then the terror of sailors, in splendid weather. However, the *St. Gregory*, whereon Father Acquaviva had embarked, as it coasted by Natal—*Christmas land*—was struck by a hurricane, and the main-mast, though very strong and so large that two men could not span it, had to be strengthened by nailing baulks of timber all around it. The *Bom Jesus*, on which Father Spinola was passenger, was thought by the superstitious sailors to be haunted, as nine times the men on the look-out at the top-mast were thrown into the sea. On July 21st, the fleet reached the island town of Mozambique, where they anchored and victualled, to start again on the feast of the Assumption, August 15.

Blessed Rudolf had been an angel of comfort to the five hundred souls who had sailed with him from Lisbon in the *St. Gregory*. But his labours were increased by some three or four hundred negroes taken on board at Mozambique. Of these some were Muhammadans, others pagans, Kaffirs for the most part. To these poor creatures he devoted himself, serving them night and day, in spite of their savagery. He could speak no other language to them but the language of charity. This, however, won many to God, and by the help of an interpreter he instructed several of them and baptized them during that dreary month in the Indian Ocean.

CHAPTER VI.

INDIA.

1578.

NOT till September the 13th, did the fleet reach Goa, "the Golden," so striking a city, even now, in the days of its decay. Acquaviva's first action on landing was to kiss, with a southerner's ardour, the Indian soil, the goal of his ardent longings. It was the eve of the Exaltation of Holy Cross, a great feast-day at the Jesuit College, for Father Valignano had brought as a present from the Father General Mercurian, four years before, a precious relic of the saving wood.[1] A few days after a Father, who was missioner on the island of Divar, off Goa, took Rudolf to see a procession of four hundred native children, all dressed alike, who sang to pleasing tunes the Catechism which St. Francis Xavier had composed. This sight filled the missioner with the wish to learn the language of the country.

A month later, on October 27th, an Indian princess, a niece of Mir Ali Khán, the uncle and

[1] Alegambe, p. 132; Sacchini, *Historia Societatis Jesu*, p. iv. l. 5, n. 325.

rival of Ali Adil Shah,[1] the mighty sovereign of Bijapur, was solemnly baptized in the Jesuit church at Goa. In the afternoon, Father Acquaviva had the happiness of giving baptism to several of her attendants, and to some other men, twenty in all. One of these, an aged Muhammedan, had come unasked, and of his own free will, from the uplands beyond the Ghats,[2] to follow the example of the princess, and become a Christian. Hardly had he received the waters of Baptism, than he was attacked by a sudden bleeding from the nose, and he fell dead in the very church. He would seem to have had a presentiment of his near death, because he was most importunate to receive the saving sacrament. "I am well now," he had said, "but I cannot tell how far off, or how near, my end may be." This marvel of God's mercy only made Blessed Rudolf the more anxious to begin his missionary labours.

The war, which two years before the Viceroy de Meneses had waged with Ali Adil Shah, besides constant outbreaks of illness, had forced the community of the Jesuit College of Goa to disperse. The arrival of fresh recruits from Europe enabled them once more to resume their studies.

[1] Called Idalchao by the Portuguese writers, and Idalcan by Bartoli and Alegambe. Mir Ali Khán, whose name appears as Mealis in *Historia Societatis Jesu*, p. iv. l. vi. 228, was kept by the Portuguese *in terrorem* over the head of Ali Adil Shah, the King of Bijapur, though that sovereign had given them Bardez and Salsette as the price of the surrender to him of his uncle.

[2] Balegate (*sic*), Bartoli, *Missione*, p. 20.

Father Acquaviva was appointed Professor of Philosophy. He was glad to have leisure to study the religious system of the Hindus, while the whole College was delighted to retain such an example of virtue in their midst. His union with God, and his lowliness of heart, were especially remarked, and Nicholas Spinola, in a letter to the Father General, speaking of the way in which he tried to conceal his great natural gifts, said that the day would come when God would make them known for His honour, and for the advantage of the Society. Rudolf, writing to the Fathers at home, told them how intensely happy he was.

"And the first ground of my joy is," he goes on to say, "that Jesus, our King, has bestowed on me the privilege to imitate Him in what is so surpassingly great winning souls for God, at the cost of so long a voyage, of so many sufferings and perils of death as we have borne until this day, and of which there is a continual opportunity in these lands. The second is, that if we wish for the holy work of God, and to imitate His sufferings, this is almost our daily food in India, and our six months' journey was like a continual cross. The third is, that I am far away from whatever could hinder my mind from clinging more closely to its Beloved. Believe me, Brothers, it is easy to flatter oneself that one's heart is detached from love of country, relatives, friends, and comforts, as long as one is living among them. But you know the contrary by experience,

when it comes to the fact of having to quit them and to get on without them. Fourthly, and the last of all is that here one must fain practise the precept of Jesus Christ, 'Unless you become as little children,' for you must make yourself a child again by learning to speak a language and to lead a life quite new to you, because of the difference of country, of customs, of climate, of food, and of everything else."

In conclusion, he speaks of the likelihood of dying for Christ, either because the territory of Ali Adil Shah, the enemy of the Portuguese, was not more than a few leagues distant, or because of the Malabar pirates, who were always off the port.

On April 2, 1579, Peter Berno, three months of whose novitiate were as yet to run, sailed out of the Tagus with a fleet of four ships, which carried eleven other of his brethren. The voyage was, as usual, one of great suffering, for sickness broke out among the crews. But all these trials were forgotten in the tender charity which they met with on arriving at Goa. Peter was passenger on the flag-ship, the *Five Wounds*, which were then and are still the arms of Portugal. Whether he made his first vows on board, on July 2nd, or whether he waited till he arrived at port on the 8th of October, is not known. It would seem, however, that he was at once ordained priest on arriving. He began the study of Konkani,[1] and mastered it

[1] The language of Goa, and of other parts of the Konkan. It is an Aryan language, akin to Marathi. The Portuguese call it

so soon as to be able very quickly to preach and hear confessions in that language. He was then appointed to be Vicar of the Church of the Holy Ghost, at Margao, and to the care of the Christians of Colva. The *Rio de Sal*, "Salt River," runs between these two places. In the rainy season, as there was no bridge, he had to cross its swollen waters, carrying his clothes, his vestments, and altar-stuff upon his head, either swimming, or, if there was a ford, walking often up to his neck in the whirling stream.

The people were strongly attached to their native idolatry, perhaps more so than in any other part of India, and Blessed Peter constantly used to say that, especially in the village of Cuncolim, and the five hamlets around it, no fruit would come till they were bathed in a torrent of Jesuit blood. Still, such was his zeal and his skill, that a Father Laerzio Alberti, who had come to India with him, declared that he converted as many pagans as did all the other Fathers together who were working with him.

Among his many converts was a boy from Cuncolim, whom he christened Dominic, and who was his sacristan. He helped him in his ministry, and, as will be seen, was to be with him at his death.

Lingua Canarim, but it has no connection with the Dravidian language, which we call Canarese, and which is the vernacular of Mysore and some other countries of India.

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE COURT OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

1579—1583.

THE city of Goa was stirred to its depths, in the September of 1579, by the arrival of an embassy from Akbar, the great Emperor of Northern India,[1] bearing letters to the Viceroy, to the Archbishop, and to the Provincial of the Jesuits.[2]

[1] When Akbar, in 1573, conquered Gujarat, it was thought that he would lay claim to Damaun, which had been taken by the Viceroy, Don Constantine de Braganza, in 1558. The Viceroy, Don Antony da Noronha, at once sailed from Goa with a powerful fleet, and cast anchor in the roadstead of the threatened fortress. Akbar sent an ambassador to treat of peace, and Don Antony Cabral was despatched to the Emperor to sign the treaty. Malleson's *Akbar*, p. 109; de Souza, *Asia Portuguesa*, tom. ii. p. iii. c. xii. p. 563; Guerriero; Du Jarric, p. 501. Akbar cross-questioned Cabral about his faith.

[2] Alegambe, p. 34, gives Akbar's letter: "To the chief Padre, in the name of the Lord. Letter of Jaláluddín Muhammad Akbar, King by the hand of God. Head Fathers of the College of St. Paul, know that I am very well disposed towards you. I am sending Abdullah, my ambassador, and Dominic Perez (an Armenian Christian, the interpreter), with the request that you will send me two learned Fathers, and the books of the Law, especially the Gospel, that I may know the Law and its excellence. For I desire to know it. I beg therefore earnestly that they may come with these envoys, and bring the books of the Law. And the Fathers may be sure that I shall receive them

The envoy, Abdullah, was received with all possible state, for his coming filled the Portuguese with hopes of which they had never before dared to dream. Akbar, the most illustrious descendant of Chengiz Khán, and of the victorious Taimur (Tamerlane), had conquered the whole of Afghanistan, the Panjab, North-Western, Central, and Western India, Behar, and Bengal. A Muhammadan by birth and education, he had broken loose from the teachings of the Kuran, and had determined to found a new religion, of which he would be the supreme head, and which, under the broadest toleration, would gather into itself the various beliefs and peoples of his Empire.

Though illiterate, he loved to hear discussions on points of theology and philosophy, and with an open mind listened to any man learned in the law, whether he was Parsee, or Hindu, or Christian. Two Jesuit Fathers had been preaching in his dominions, at Satgaon, in Lower Bengal.[1] The Christian merchants who resided there had defrauded the Imperial Treasury both of dues for anchorage, and of annual taxes. The missionaries insisted on restitution, and a large sum was

most courteously, and entertain them most handsomely. When I have learnt the Law sufficiently to appreciate its excellence, then may they depart at their pleasure, with an escort, and honoured with abundant rewards. Let them come in perfect security. I take their defence on myself." v. p. 56.

[1] Satgaon, the mercantile capital of Bengal, till the foundation of Hugli by the Portuguese.

in consequence paid to the Government.[1] Akbar was very much struck by this. A distinguished Portuguese officer, Peter Tavares, in the service of Akbar, and who commanded a fort on the Bengal coast, had spoken to his master about the learning of the Christian Padri, and of the beauty of their sacred books. The Emperor, weary of the contradictions and absurdity of the Mullahs, the "Scribes" of Moslem law, was anxious to hear these strangers. Tavares told him of the Jesuits of Goa, but the Emperor for the moment summoned the Portuguese Vicar-General of Satgaon, Giles Aves Pereira, to Fatehpur-Sikri, his capital, and gave him a most cordial reception.[2] Giles was an excellent priest, but not a great scholar. Though he could satisfy Akbar's inquiries, who began to learn Portuguese, he found it hard to hold his own against his opponents, the Mullahs. However divided they were amongst themselves, they all united in attacking him. Pereira begged Akbar to invite others, better able to defend the cause of religion than himself. He too spoke to the Emperor about the Fathers of Goa.

The envoy was met by a number of Portuguese of high birth, clad in their finest robes, at Santiago, some nine miles from Goa, and received in great state by the Viceroy, Don Lewis

[1] Father F. de Souza, *Oriente Conquistado*, says the missionaries persuaded Akbar to pardon the frauds.

[2] Guerriero, p. 502.

d'Athaide, at the landing-stage near the palace, and was escorted by him, at his own request, from the Viceregal Palace to the College of St. Paul. A magnificent cavalcade accompanied him thither. There he presented to the Father Provincial, Roderick Vicente, the letters of his Sovereign. He was next taken to the church, and, before entering, he, with his whole suite, took off their shoes, and went to pay their homage at the tomb of St. Francis Xavier. After this, Abdullah, by means of his interpreter, laid open to the Jesuits the wishes of his master. The Provincial was delighted at the invitation. He felt, however, how momentous was the choice of those who were to be sent. Accordingly, he ordered the Fathers of Goa to seek God's light by prayer and public penance, and then desired each to write down the names of the two they would select, if the choice lay with them. There was no lack of volunteers for the post of danger, but the votes fell on Father Acquaviva, who was just recovering from an illness, and on Anthony Montserrat, a Catalan. To these it was thought well to add Father Henriquez, a Muhammadan convert from Ormuz, a man of great piety, but of very slight learning, whose knowledge of Persian, however, though not very extensive, would be of great use, as it was the Court language of Akbar's nobility.

Rudolf was appointed Superior. In a letter to his uncle, Father Claud, he says :

"I am writing to ask your prayers. For we need greatly God's help, as we are being sent, 'like men appointed to death,'[1] into the midst of Muhammadans, whose word is always to be distrusted. We go, however, filled with a joy such as I have never felt before, because there is a chance of suffering something for Christ our Lord; and we are about to journey into far-off lands in search of souls, after the example which our Lord Himself has put before us. And if we are to shed our blood for love of Him, a thing very possible in such an expedition, then shall we be truly blessed. It is something, Father, indeed, of which to make you envious. For I abound with such delight that I can hardly restrain myself, and I look forward to the day so earnestly that I find meantime no rest. Kindest regards to Brother Peter Anthony Spinelli,[2] and tell him I await him here.

"Goa, November 17, 1579."

The Fathers had prepared for their journey by prayer and penance, as well as by careful study of the subjects which they knew would be required in their new mission. On the day when this letter was written, they set out. They spent their leisure on the road in studying Persian. A

[1] 1 Cor. iv. 9.

[2] He was the son of Charles, Duke of Seminaria, and entered the Society when eighteen. He held high positions in his Order in Italy, dying at the age of sixty, in 1615.

number of traders — probably Portuguese and Armenians—accompanied the caravan, bringing silks of China, and goods of other lands.[1] They left Damaun, which was probably the meeting-place, on December 13th, when they took ship for Surat.[2] From Surat, one of the most important towns in India, where the industrious and wealthy caste of Banyans excited the interest of the travellers, they went forward on their long inland journey on Friday, the 15th of January, 1580.

After crossing the broad River Tapti, they were met by a captain, with ten or twelve horsemen.[3] The Moghul troops received Father Henriquez courteously, but some of them threatened with their swords the other two Fathers. At once Jerome de Lima, a Portuguese, rushed forward, and pointed his naked sword to the breast of one of the Muhammadans. Their leader came up, and ordered the offender to be flogged. With their escort, they journeyed onwards, the three Fathers keeping together, to avoid a similar danger. Their road led through a broad and populated plain, covered with cactus, with palms, and banyan trees, by places whose names it is not always easy to recognize.[4] At the roadside they noticed

[1] Abul Fazl, *Akbar Nama*, Elliot's translation; *History of India by its own Historians*, vol. vii. p. 85.

[2] Francisco de Souza, S.J. *Oriente Conquistado*, i. d. ii. p. 159.

[3] As Surat had only been conquered by Akbar in 1573, this precaution was needed.

[4] Limodre, Vacari, Nabugan, Tava, Timai, Cucura-Munda *i.e.* Kukarmunda, and Talauda (Taloda). In Timai they noticed

frequent wells, built by the charity of the Banyans, and at almost every step, stone tables on which the passers-by might lay down their burdens for a rest.

The caravan then left the river-banks, and turned northward. A beautiful valley, with corn-fields, and all glorious with the bloom of the mango-trees, led them, on January the 25th, to the large town of Sultanpur. As night closed in, the tombs in the cemeteries, and the surrounding heights, were illuminated, as a mark of respect for the dead. The place was full of prayer and sacrifice, as the people were keeping the feast of the circumcision of Isaac. The Fathers saw some Brahmins, outside the walls, solemnly cremating a corpse. Journeying towards the north-east, through wooded country, they crossed the broad and clear River Narbada, to the ancient city of Mandu, whose walls were sixteen leagues in circuit, but most of it was even then in ruins.

On the 5th of February, they reached Ujjain, then a town "no larger than Damaun." After staying, on the 8th, at Sanmarian (*sic*), a populous village, the caravan entered a mountain range, where they were "in peril of robbers," the natives, who sought the life of their Moghul conquerors. Thence they emerged into vast plains covered

a large pyramid erected in memory of a suttee, with a number of smaller ones around. At the River Tapti, a number of Banyans were performing their ablutions of expiation, and bearing burning lights fixed on helmets made of gourds.

with fields of poppy and flax. The Fathers had the consolation of saying Mass, for the first time on their journey, at Sarangpur, on February 9th. There Father Henriquez was received with great solemnity, as the people regarded him as a *Jogi*, or holy man. Turning eastward to Pimplia (*sic*), the party went on through rich plains, with sugar plantations, where they encountered a caravan of pilgrims on their way to the sacred Ganges.

The party reached Sironj on February 15th, and on the 19th, were met by a strong body of Moghul troops, on horseback, on camels, or on elephants. The captain of the force told the Fathers how anxiously they were expected by Akbar. But at Narwar,[1] Montserrat fell ill, and, as the Emperor was impatient for their arrival, they were forced to leave the invalid behind, on February 22. At last, on the 28th, after a journey of over three months, Father Rudolf and his companions arrived at Fatehpur-Sikri. That place was then rising, like an enchanted city, in all its splendour, with its mosques and palaces, glorious even to-day in their ruin.[2] A courtier was awaiting their arrival, with orders to lead them at once into the royal presence, as Akbar

[1] "Then a flourishing city, boasting of a circumference of twenty miles." Malleson, *Akbar*, p. 98.

[2] The promise of Shaikh Selim of Sikri, that he should have a son and heir, made Akbar begin the new city. The prophecy was realized there, and on the conquest of Gujarat, he added the prefix of Fatehpur—*Victory-City*, and, for a time, he made the city his residence. It is near to Agra.

did not wish that they should speak to any of the Portuguese in the city, before they had been presented to him.

The splendour of the Court was unsurpassed in Europe. No less than twenty vassal kings waited on their Suzerain. The Fathers found the great conqueror seated cross-legged on a throne covered with a velvet cushion fringed with gold, upon a raised platform.[1] He was almost as fair as southern Europeans, and was then about thirty-seven.[2] Upon his head he wore a turban of Hindu form, adorned with a fortune of rare gems. His dress consisted of a robe of cloth of gold, embroidered with leaves and flowers, a great brooch was on his breast. Instead of Moslem trousers, he wore the Hindu *dhoti*, of the finest and most delicate silk, falling to his heels, and there gathered in by bangles covered with pearls. His shoes, of strange fashion, were an invention of his own. At his side was a scimitar. Around him were pages with bows and quivers of arrows, and other arms, ready to offer him if he desired them; while reporters were close at hand to take down whatever he said.

The meeting was as cordial as possible, and the Emperor kept the Fathers in conversation till

[1] A platform used by Akbar is still to be seen in the centre of the Diwani Khas, at Fatehpur-Sikri, of which there is a model in the South Kensington Museum. See Bernier's *Travels*, p. 362. London, 1891.

[2] He was born in 1542. See Malleson's *Akbar*, p. 52.

two o'clock on the following morning. When he had dismissed them to their lodgings, he sent after them a large sum of money. Blessed Rudolf explained to the bearer that he and his companions were poor by profession and by choice, and that he could accept nothing but mere support from day to day. By Akbar's orders, they were left in charge of the interpreter, Dominic Perez, from whom they took only just the bare necessaries of life.[1]

The following day, the Fathers were again admitted to audience in the magnificent audience-chamber, Diwani Khas, which is still standing,[2] and they brought as a present to Akbar the new Royal Polyglot Bible of Plantyn,[3] magnificently bound in seven volumes. On these being presented to him, he took off his turban, and placed each volume on his head, and then kissed it respectfully. He asked, as he received each volume in succession, which were the four

[1] Abul Fazl gives the following record: "1580. At this time, Padre Farmatiun (*sic*) arrived at the Imperial Court from Goa, and was received with great distinction. He was a man of much learning and eloquence. A few intelligent young men were placed under him for instruction, so that provision might be made for procuring translations of Greek authors, and of extending knowledge. With him came a number of Europeans and Armenians, who brought silks of China, and goods of other countries, which were deemed worthy of his Majesty's inspection. Abul Fazl, *Akbar Nama*, Elliot's translation, *History of India, by its own Historians*, vol. vi. p. 85; cf. Badauni, p. 528.

[2] *Fatehpur-Sikri. Illustrations of Buildings near Agra.* Lieutenant H. Cole. Cf. Rousellet, *Inde des Rajahs*, p. 345.

[3] Printed for Philip II. 1569—1572.

Gospels, and as soon as these were put into his hands, he pressed them to his breast with special reverence. The Emperor then ordered the sacred books to be taken to his private rooms, and leading Blessed Rudolf by the hand from the hall of audience, he brought him with him into his own apartments, and there showed him a magnificent casket, which he had caused to be made to contain this much-valued present.

That evening Father Rudolf had to take his place in the solemn discussions which went on every Thursday night in the presence of the Emperor on moral and religious subjects. The building in which they were conducted was near one of the tanks, which form such a striking feature in the Indian cities.[1] The Saiyids,[2] the Shaikhs,[3] the Ulama,[4] and the grandees, sat around, and the Emperor passed from one side of the hall to another, asking questions. The subject of debate was the authenticity and authority of the Bible.

The Ulama were men of high repute for learning, but their wide differences in matters of doctrine, and still more their lives, which were so out of harmony with their professions, had shaken the faith of Akbar in the pretended infalli-

[1] Called Anúptaláo. It is probably the one facing the Diwani Khas.

[2] They pretend descent from the Prophet.

[3] The followers of a new departure in religion.

[4] The doctors of Muhammadan law. Ulama is the plural of the Arabic word *alim*, learned.

bility of the Kuran, and of Mahomet himself.[1] The philosophy of the Brahmans, their high ideals of life, which even nowadays fascinate so many English intellects, had great influence over the Emperor. His mind was evidently broad, and open to conviction, and the little he knew of Christianity had no doubt made him anxious to know more of a faith which had produced such a marvellous civilization as that of the Western world. To it he attributed the devotion he had heard of among the Catholic missioners, whether in older days, when they had met his ancestors in Central Asia and China, or in his own time, when the deeds of St. Francis Xavier and his companions were talked of in many a bazaar, and at many a Court of India.

How far Akbar was sincere in his search for the truth, how far he had towards it a feeling akin to the agnosticism of our day, or whether he was merely bent, from the very first, on making for his subjects an eclectic religion, which would fuse into one the various races and various creeds under his sceptre, and over which he determined to place himself as the supreme prophet and infallible teacher, it is hard to say. Certain it is that Blessed Rudolf, to whom such universal toleration was a new experience, very naturally

[1] The Fathers, on their road to Gujarat, had met the Imperial couriers, who told their escort that Akbar had forbidden the use of the name of Mahomet in the prayers. De Souza, *Oriente Conquistado*, i. d. ii. p. 160.

made the same mistake about Akbar that many a zealous foreign priest makes about English non-Catholics when first he meets with them, and is captivated by their courteous respect for his views, and their kind interest in his work. The Sovereign was quite willing to pay homage to the Holy Scriptures, and pleased to see the Ulama beaten on their own ground. But from this, to submission in heart and deed to the authority of the Church, was a long step, and one of which he very probably never dreamt. However, that evening, at the end of the discussion, he asked for an explanation of the Catholic belief in the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation.

The controversies must have been conducted at first through the clumsy medium of an interpreter. It hardly needed the advice of Akbar to induce Blessed Rudolf to set himself to the task of perfecting his knowledge of Persian, the language of the Court. In three weeks he was able to speak the language so far as to dispense with the aid of Father Henriquez. He even translated into Persian a portion of the Gospels, which were read with great delight by Abul Fazl.

The second discussion followed three or four days later, on the character of the Paradise promised to Moslem believers.

On the 4th of March, Father Montserrat rejoined his companions. He hastened, on Thursday, the 10th of that month, to take part in the third discussion. The Fathers were sum-

moned into the royal presence. The debate was on the life and teaching of Mahomet, compared with the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. Six of the most learned Mullahs were present. In the course of the discussion Akbar invited Blessed Rudolf to read a passage out of the New Testament. One of the Mullahs raised the old question whether the Christians had not, as the Kuran declared, erased the name of Mahomet from both Genesis and the Gospel. Rudolf proved the absurdity of the statement, and he was supported by Abul Fazl. Montserrat seized the opportunity to declare that it was not the Christians, but Mahomet, who had tried to corrupt the Sacred Scriptures, and that his Kuran teemed with moral enormities and with blunders, plain for all to see.

Akbar was angry, and sent a message after the debate was over to the two other Fathers, begging them to restrain the ardour of the newcomer. They replied that, as the Emperor wished to know the truth, it was their duty to declare it; nor could they, for fear of anything whatever, leave him under a false impression. They added that it was not fair that, while the Mullahs could denounce the Son of God and the Scriptures, they should not be permitted to say what they knew about the Kuran.

Notwithstanding this, the exceeding kindness of the Emperor towards them prejudiced the Fathers in his favour. Father Montserrat had a serious relapse. Akbar not only bade his

physicians to prescribe for him, but even came himself now and again and sat by his bedside. He sent him during his convalescence to Agra, hoping that its climate might prove helpful to him.

Some short time later, as they had not seen Akbar for several days, the Fathers asked for an audience. They were anxious to learn what practical effect all that had passed was having on his mind. He was exceedingly affable, and after some general topics, they begged to be allowed to speak to him on their special errand. With his permission, Rudolf at once began to urge the Emperor to appoint for them some fixed time in which they might explain at full to him the grounds of faith, in the hope that, if he were convinced of its truth, he might grant freedom to teach it in every part of his dominions. Akbar's cautious reply was that this was in God's keeping. He endeavoured, however, to show that for many reasons it was impossible for him at that time to become a Christian.

On Holy Saturday, April 2nd, Rudolf called to wish the Emperor a happy Easter, and stayed up very late talking with him. He asked a number of questions about the Resurrection, and begged to see the Christian prayers. He bade the Fathers to leave the public inn and take up their abode within the vast enclosure of his palace.

The Fathers fitted up a chapel in their new quarters as handsomely as they could, and placed

over the altar a copy of the Madonna of St. Luke, at St. Mary Major's, which had been brought from Europe by Father Martin de Sylva, and which St. Pius V. had allowed St. Francis Borgia to have made. The Christians resident in the city used to come there to daily Mass.[1] Akbar, after three or four days, paid a visit to it. On entering, he was struck by the venerable picture. He first, in Muhammadan fashion, made a profound reverence before it; then, like a Christian, he removed his turban, and, with clasped hands, bent his knee; and lastly, paid his homage as a Hindu by prostrating himself on the ground. He said that God deserved the homage of all peoples, and therefore he paid this triple tribute. He then sat down on cushions upon the floor and talked to the Fathers. He said that the Christian religion was without

[1] Colonel Cole marks in his plan of Fatehpur-Sikri, the house of Miriam, which tradition assigns to a Portuguese wife of Akbar. No such person is mentioned by contemporary historians. The mother of the Emperor and another lady of his family bore the name of Miriam. A faded painting of the Annunciation still adorns the walls. May not the building have been the house assigned to Blessed Rudolf, and may not the room which the picture decorates have been his chapel? Guzman says that Akbar ordered paintings to be made of our Lord and His Blessed Mother, as well as of other saints. He also bade his goldsmith to make a gold reliquary for the relics which the Fathers had brought with them, of the same shape as their poor reliquary of copper, with an image of our Lady on either side. Cf. "Akbar's folly," the *Month*, May, 1897, where there is a brilliant description of Fatehpur-Sikri as it is. The writer follows the ordinary legend of the Emperor's Christian wife.

doubt the best of all, and the life and miracles of Christ perfectly supernatural. But how God could have a Son passed his comprehension. He added that, of all religions, Muhammadanism was the worst.

A week later, the Emperor came again to visit the chapel, with his three sons, Salim, Murad, and Danyal. Salim, the eldest, was then a boy of ten,[1] and succeeded to his father's throne as the Emperor Jahangir. With them came a splendid staff, Mirza Abul Kasim, Akbar's cousin and one of the administrators of the Empire, two Commanders-in-chief of his armies, and the leading Mullahs. Akbar bade his sons take off their shoes at the door, and he set them the example of paying due reverence to the holy picture. All expressed their admiration of it. When the Emperor turned to go, Blessed Rudolf offered him another Madonna, a work of art which Akbar had especially admired and evidently wished to possess. He received it as a very precious gift, and had it hung in a place of honour in his rooms.

Akbar confided his second son, Murad, to Father Montserrat, that he might teach him Portuguese and the Catholic faith. The boy, then only about nine years old, was known by his nickname of Pahari[2]—a *mountaineer*, because born at Fatehpur-Sikri.

[1] He was born in 1570.

[2] *Aini-Akbari*, pp. 182—309. Alegambe calls him Barhius, p. 27, § 29, the Portuguese Fatepur.

The Emperor volunteered to build as many churches in his kingdom, to the glory of Christ and His Blessed Mother, as the Fathers should desire, and he declared that they should be as splendid as possible. He gave as his reason that, while there were so many mosques for Mahomet, and so many pagodas for the Hindu gods, the God of the Christians ought at least to have the same honour. Akbar promised also to erect a hospital for the sick and poor, a thing hitherto unknown in Pagan and Muhammadan India. The Emperor engaged to build and to endow the hospital at the cost of the State.[1] He fulfilled his promise in 1583, in so far that he erected two places outside the city wherein to feed the poor, and he entrusted them to the followers of Abul Fazl, his philosopher and friend. Several at the hospitals asked for Baptism.

Abul begged the Fathers to explain to him their doctrines, so that he might be able to answer the questions and the difficulties put to him by his master and by the learned of the Court. The royal physician also sought for instructions. Akbar sent word by Abul Fazl to Blessed Rudolf that he and his companions were quite at liberty to convert and baptize as many of his subjects as they chose, and that he would punish any one who would dare to hinder them. The Fathers were soon full of work in preparing

[1] Guzman says that a hospital was set up at the cost of the Portuguese.

catechumens. The Emperor, moreover, disapproved of any Christian abandoning his faith, and when some prisoners, to regain their liberty, had become Muhammadans, and had repented of their crime, he ordered that they should be allowed to return to Christian countries, where they could practise their faith without let or hindrance. To one of these who wished to remain, he not only permitted the use of European dress and liberty of religion, but admitted him into his household. And when a Portuguese who was in his service died, he allowed the Fathers to bury him with the full Catholic rite, and to bear him with cross and lighted candles through the streets of the city. But though Akbar in theory granted complete toleration, nothing would induce him to make an open proclamation of this to his subjects, nor did Muhammadans dare to face the terrible sternness of Moslem law against a convert from the Kuran.

Yet the Emperor went so far as to declare to Father Acquaviva, that if God called him to the Catholic faith, neither his sceptre, nor his sons, nor his immense harem,[1] would prevent him from leaving all and fleeing to Goa, under the pretext of going on pilgrimage to the Ganges. Nor, so he pretended, was he as far as it might seem

[1] Bartoli speaks of his hundred wives. Abul Fazl, in *Aini-Akbari*, xv. p. 44, tells of five thousand women in the Emperor's harem. But this probably includes the female servants and slaves.

from doing this. But a step so grave, he urged, was not to be taken precipitately and without much reflection. He begged to be allowed to be present at Mass, and it was felt by the Fathers impossible to refuse his request. Father Acquaviva celebrated in his presence, with his usual deep devotion and with many tears. But the only result would seem to have been that Akbar complained: "You ate and drank, and you never invited me."[1]

The first subject of argument at the public debates, as has been said, was as to whether the Bible or the Kuran[2] was divinely inspired. Then the discussion turned on the respective merits of our Blessed Lord and of Mahomet. The holiness of Christ, born of a Virgin, and spotless in life, was contrasted with the acknowledged idolatry and vices of the Prophet in his early days. The nature of Heaven as taught by the Church, and of that fleshly and degraded ideal believed in by the Muhammadan were contrasted. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body, which Akbar himself disbelieved, and even the question of sufficiency and efficacy of grace, the subject of such debate in Europe, were also argued out in this assembly.

The disagreement of the Moslem doctors among themselves gave great force to Blessed

[1] Father de Souza, *Oriente Conquistado*, i. d. ii. p. 271.

[2] The Fathers came prepared with a Portuguese translation of the Kuran, which enabled them from the beginning to make objections to its teaching. Jarric, p. 507.

Rudolf's arguments. Two facts, which he especially pressed home, were that no prophecy of Mahomet's coming, of his doctrine, or of his redemption, could be found; while even the Kuran, in the presence of the clear promises of the Old Law and the evidences of the New, had been forced to speak of our Lord as a Saint and a Prophet. Again, that the New Testament is perfectly in accord with the Old; while the Kuran, though it admits the Book of Moses and the Psalms of David, is in open discord with these portions of Scripture. But whether it was the murmurs of the Mullahs, the outspoken complaints of the Queen Mother, Hamida Begam, and of the ladies of the harem, or the mutterings of rebellion in the West, which were the echoes of Moslem discontent, the Emperor began to weary of the Fathers' teachings. Though sometimes he was all attention and approved of everything that they said, at other times he would yawn or doze, not heeding, not even hearing what they said. As part of the audience, there were ever at hand skilled wrestlers and gladiators, tumblers and jugglers, and sweet singers ready at his beck to amuse His Majesty.[1] These, and a ceaseless round of pleasures of the table, of the harem, of the field, of the ring, cock-fighting, and combats between wild beasts and trained elephants, so occupied Akbar's mind that, if any

[1] *Aini-Akbari*, p. 157.

impression had ever been made, it was as quickly forgotten.

The Emperor, in fact, made the impossible demand that the mysteries of the Blessed Trinity and of the Incarnation should be so clearly explained to him that he should be able to understand them. Blessed Rudolf was as lucid as could be, so that both Akbar and the Mullahs were obliged to own that there was nothing to which they could object, but the monarch came no nearer to submission to the faith.

No wonder that such a bold teacher as Rudolf, among a people so attached to their religious ideas, felt that his life was in peril. In a letter to Father General Mercurian, in which he records what has just been told, he concludes with these words:

"At the end of this letter I must tell your Paternity the greatest joy which I have here. It is that I am near martyrdom. For 'we have confessed and have not denied, we have confessed' that Mahomet is not the Prophet of God, and we have not denied that Christ is the Son of God.

"Fattepur (*sic*), July 18, 1580.

"Your Paternity's unworthy servant
and least of sons,
"RUDOLF ACQUAVIVA."[1]

[1] Fac-simile in *Les BB. Martyrs de Salsette*, Pierre Suau, S.J. p. 109.

To this Alegambe adds, apparently from the same letter: "We have declared before the King and his whole Court that Mahomet is Antichrist. So nothing stands between us and death, save the life of the King. The heathens hate us too, because we have publicly condemned the long established practice of widows throwing themselves into the funeral pyre of their husbands."

In a letter of the 10th of December of the same year, addressed to Father Nuñez Rodriguez, the Rector of Goa, Blessed Rudolf writes:

"Fattipur (*sic*).

"My letter to Father Provincial will have told you what has been going on in our house and abroad with regard to the King. In this I shall only speak of myself to you as to my Spiritual Father.[1] You know well how I longed for this mission, and how delighted I was when it was granted me. 'As we have heard, so we have seen.'[2] That which I wished for I have been able to do, to bear witness before the kings and rulers of this world to the name of Jesus Christ, with the hope of winning thus the prize of such a death as Holy Scripture calls *precious in the sight of the Lord*. You may be sure that many desire for us this death; but it is just as far off as is that of the King. Meantime, while it is deferred, there is no lack of thousands of oppor-

[1] The spiritual director of a community.
[2] Psalm xlvii. 9.

tunities of suffering from within and from without, so that sometimes I grow weary of life. It has pleased God, the planner of this expedition, to give me, not that chalice which is called *inebriating*, but another which is *a cup of strong wine full of mixture*.[1] *But we have not yet resisted unto blood*.[2]

"Still, I am so full of consolation that, if to my present joy were added that of being relieved from the burden of any superiority, which Holy Obedience has laid on me quite beyond my strength, then would my joy be full. If indeed one could rejoice in the midst of a wicked people, where our eyes behold nothing but sin, where our ears hear nothing but that hideous and heinous name of Mahomet. Nothing, Father, and I say it with tears, nothing strikes the air here but that diabolical name. Scarcely ever do we hear the most sweet name of Jesus. For the Moors only call Him Jesus—the Prophet, and say that He is not the Son of God; and I know no such Jesus, nor can I say else than Jesus—Son of God. And when I say this openly, and console myself by repeating, 'Christ Jesus, Son of God,' then all the suffering and sorrow of my soul is renewed, because one of the Muhammadans cries out, *Sta furla*[3]—'God forbid!' another closes his ears, a

[1] Psalm lxxiv. 9. [2] Hebrews xii. 4.

[3] *Vere, Astagh firu-llah*, an Arabic phrase meaning, "I beg forgiveness of God." These Arabic religious sentences are constantly employed by Persian and Indian Muhammadans.

third mocks, while another blasphemes. So, when I get home, I, with the handful of Christians who are with us, as in the ark of Noe, nay, the very walls can repeat nothing but, 'Son of God, Son of God!' They seemed to reply, *How shall we sing the canticle of the Lord in a strange land?*[1]

"When we go to instruct the King, we find people engaged in that sad prayer, which the Muhammadans go through with such care, gravity, and reverence. It is all hypocrisy, but yet is wonderful, and we are forced to behold the abomination of these whitened sepulchres.

"In a word, Mahomet is everything here. Antichrist reigns. In honour of this infernal monster they bend the knee, prostrate, lift up their hands, give alms, and do all they do. And we cannot speak out the truth lest, if we go too far, we endanger the life of the King. So we neither die, because they do not kill us, and yet we do not live, for our zeal wears us out; or we live only by hope, though that is very uncertain whether it may not turn out rather evil than good. If our hope were like that of the souls in Purgatory, our joy would be like theirs, a certain expectation of the Blessing which in time they will behold. Ours is a thoroughly uncertain outlook, as far as the King's conversion goes.

[1] Psalm cxxxvi. 4.

"Still, on the other hand, the Lord makes us realize that our labours are just as pleasing and acceptable to His Divine Majesty as if we were to obtain that for which we are striving, for *God is a searcher of the reins and heart.*[1] The thought of this makes it seem to me, now and again, as it did to the Patriarch Jacob, *but a few days, because of the greatness of love;*[2] for day and night we are toiling at a work of great service to God, the planting of His Faith in a barbarous nation, at such peril of our lives. And this is another source of consolation, having every day to offer ourselves to death; and it really seems to me that every true son of the Society should envy us: for, in short, *greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends;*[3] although as yet we cannot behold such love in ourselves, for we have not shed our blood. Still, we are in a place where God may grant us this. So I beg your Reverence, who has always loved me, to aid me to thank God for the great favour which I owe to Him.

"And as I have spoken of love, than which there is nothing so sweet, I will not distract you from the sweet enjoyment of it, and so I stop, recommending myself heartily to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers."

[1] Wisdom i. 6. [2] Genesis xxix. 20
[3] St. John xv. 13.

A few lines from a letter of Rudolf to Lawrence Petri express in like terms the high thoughts of the future martyr: "I cannot tell your Reverence the joy and consolation I feel in this mission. For in it are to be found all that a Religious of the Society can desire. There are work and woes, dangers and success, and, in fine, the hope of still better carrying out of our apostolate."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LONE WATCH.

1581—1583.

In the early part of 1581, the Jesuit Provincial of Goa, who was on his way to make a visitation at Damaun, in the northernmost part of his Province, wrote to Blessed Rudolf bidding Acquaviva to meet him with the two other Fathers at that port, in order to give him fuller details of his work and of his hopes. Akbar at first consented to let them go, but afterwards withdrew his permission, except as regards Father Henriquez. Acquaviva was now so advanced in Persian that he no longer required an interpreter. Besides which, as Henriquez was an Asiatic and a convert from Muhammadanism, that Father was an object of special aversion to the Mullahs. In fact, when he left the Court on his long journey to Damaun, he was obliged to disguise himself to save his life.

The year seemed to promise to be one of peace and of prosperity to the Emperor, and he began at once to carry out his schemes of unification and of toleration. He remitted all the inland

tolls, as well as a capitation tax levied by the Afghan rulers on all non-Musalmans.[1] A number, however, of Amirs of Bihar and Bengal, who had been pressed to refund some illegal wealth, rebelled against the Governor of the province, and put him to death. Akbar had to send a large army under Mirza Aziz, his trusted general, to suppress the insurrection.

One of the frequent quarrels with the free lances of Goa, gentlemen who, like our Drake and Frobisher, had small respect for the rights of nations, gravely imperilled the position of the two Fathers at the Court of Akbar. A landing had been made near Surat, by a body of Portuguese adventurers, to revenge the loss of one of their companions, who had met his death there when on a filibustering expedition. They were badly beaten by a detachment of the Mogul's troops; and the following year, 1582, he sent an army with elephants and a siege-train to attack Damaun. A number of brave Portuguese volunteers at once came to its rescue, and the siege was raised.[2]

Meantime a formidable insurrection had broken out in Kabul, and Muhammad Hakim Mirza, the governor, a brother of Akbar, marched into India to wrest his crown from him. This doubtless made the Emperor all the more willing to come to terms with the Portuguese. The revolt in Bengal

[1] Malleson, *Akbar*, p. 126.
[2] Faria y Souza, *Asia Portuguesa*, t. iii. p. 5.

at once blazed out afresh, and Akbar had to take instant measures to meet his various foes. Hakim Mirza was already at Lahore, half-way to the capital, before Akbar had reached Panipat, some two hundred miles north of Fatehpur-Sikri. Akbar's army was, however, three times as strong as that of the enemy. His rebel brother saw that all hope was gone, and began his retreat. A division of the Imperial army under Prince Murad pushed forward rapidly in pursuit, and won a complete victory.[1] Akbar followed his son with an army as far as Kabul, and there pardoned and reinstated his brother. On his return he stayed for some months in the Panjab and then marched to Lahore.[2]

Blessed Rudolf had been anxious to accompany the Emperor. But Akbar thought it well not to irritate the Muhammadans in a moment of danger, and would only allow Father Montserrat to accompany him, as the tutor of his son, Murad. Acquaviva remained alone at Fatehpur.

On February 19th, 1581, Father Claud Acquaviva was elected General of the Society of Jesus as successor to Father Mercurian. The news reached his nephew in far-off Fatehpur-Sikri towards the close of that year. If the intelligence roused, as naturally it would, any feelings in the well-schooled heart of Blessed Rudolf, no sign of them transpired. When the time came round

[1] Malleson, *Akbar*, p. 127.
[2] Angelini, p. 86; and Malleson, as above.

to send his official letters to the General, he wrote just as he had done to his uncle's predecessor. He prefixed no preface, he did not even pay the compliments at its close, customary when writing either to friend or to stranger, not a word expressing pleasure, regret, or complaint. There was no allusion to Father Claud's election, nor any mention of the weariness and apparent fruitlessness of his own stay. And this was all the more noteworthy because, in giving a full account of affairs, he lays very clearly before the General the reasons why he should continue at his post. He had so often spoken of his wish for martyrdom that he perhaps thought it useless to repeat his desire.[1] Father Claud, in reply to this and to former letters of Blessed Rudolf to Father Mercurian, wrote to congratulate his nephew on his hopes and on the careful preparation he was making for death, assuring him that he would gladly change places with him. The General insisted very strongly again and again that his nephew must not leave until forced by the Emperor. But before this letter reached our Saint, he had been recalled to Goa.

The departure of Akbar for the seat of war caused Blessed Rudolf to lead a hermit's life in the almost deserted Court of Fatehpur-Sikri. He

[1] In a previous letter he had said: "I am very well and happy, living by obedience in a wicked nation, where there is a chance of martyrdom, because of the hatred all bear to us, if my sins were not a hindrance. We have not as yet left this country."

redoubled his fasts and watchings, and often spent the whole night in meditation on the roof of his house. His short rest was taken in a hammock. His frequent scourgings, which he did his best to conceal, were noted by his ever observant neighbours. Prince Salim, hearing the noise of constant blows, feared lest some one was being assaulted, and following the sound came to the bed-room of the Father. As soon as Rudolf had admitted the Prince, he saw the fresh blood on the floor. Acquaviva tried to ward off an answer to his inquiries with a graceful smile. When, some years after, Father Jerome Xavier arrived at Lahore, he tells us how Salim, then Emperor, loved to relate the story to his courtiers, and how he used to exclaim: "What a man! what a man he was!"[1]

Father Acquaviva's only recreation was to walk about the house humming to himself some passage of Holy Scripture or some verse of the Psalms. His chief employment was the careful study of Persian and of the Kuran, both of which he mastered so well that he could quote the book with a wonderful readiness. If he had followed his own impulse, he would have gone out into the squares and openly preached the faith of Christ, but every reason was against this. However, when perchance he did go out into the city, all, high and low, even the very street-boys, would follow him and shout after him. "We are hated

[1] Alegambe, pp. 30, 41. Letter of July 26, 1598.

and despised by every one," wrote Rudolf to his uncle. "They threaten us with their swords. We are the reproach and the scorn of the mob. They gather round about us and look at us as if we were monsters. They call us black devils and Kafirs, that is, men without God or religion. Then they pelt us with filth. But all this seems as nothing, for *we have not as yet resisted unto blood.*" [1]

In another letter to the General, in the April of 1582, Blessed Rudolf gives fresh reasons why he should stay on:

"First, because the King gives us greater hopes than ever for the future, is anxious to learn the law of God, and treats us more kindly than before, and, though there are difficulties, still he proves his affection to us. It is impossible to express how great are his love and familiarity towards us.

"Secondly, we hope that the King's second son, called Pahari,[2] who is learning Portuguese and our holy faith, and who shows great affection towards us, will really profit by it, because he is naturally of a good disposition, and has great talent.

"Thirdly, because we have found a new race of Pagans, called Bottan, who live beyond Lahore,

[1] Bartoli, x. p. 52. Alegambe says that they were called black devils because of the colour of their dress, and "tamaxa." But this last meant merely *Anglicé*, "What a sight!" *Summ.* p. 34, § 48.

[2] *Supra*, p. 70.

across the Indus, and they are very well inclined and devoted to good works. They are white men, and there are no Muhammadans amongst them. We hope, then, that if two fervent and apostolic Fathers were sent there, a great harvest would be gathered in among the other Gentiles.[1]

"Fourthly, because there is here an old man, the father of the King's secretary, in whom he confides in matters of the law. He has left the world, and gives signs of great virtue. He is very devoted to the contemplation of Divine things, and so seems disposed to receive the light of faith. He is extremely friendly to us, and anxious to hear of our religion, and we have been already several times at his house for this reason.

"Fifthly, because where we are is the true and real India. And this kingdom is like the stair whence you can go to every other portion of it, and to many parts of Asia, and now that the Society has got a footing here, and is regarded with such kindness by so great a King, and by his sons, it does not seem right to leave it without trying every means in our power to begin the conversion of the mainland of India, for hitherto we have done nothing except on the coast."[2]

In the beginning of August, 1582,[3] the victorious Emperor reached the Indus on his return home-

[1] Father Jerome Xavier met with great success in the Punjab.

[2] Bartoli, *Missione al Gran Mogor*, p. 42.

[3] *Tabakati Akbari*, Elliot, vol. v., quoting Badauni, vol. ii. p. 295.

wards. He had sent message after message to Blessed Rudolf, begging him not to think it too great a burthen to give him the pleasure of his society, and the benefit of his conversation. The Father started on the long and tedious journey. He wrote, however, before setting out, a letter to his old friend, Father Michael di Loreto:

"I am pretty well. Yet my heart is cold in its love for God. But He favours me with good desires, and pours out such favours on me in this place, that if my whole life were spent in thanking Him, I should not have paid the hundredth part. There are plenty of chances of advancing in virtue, because here we are hated by every one, they all load me with contumely, and make a mock of me. They threaten me with their swords, and, in a word, 'we are made . . . as the off-scouring of all even until now.'[1] Beg our Lord that I may make good use of this for my progress in virtue. The King is engaged in a war with his brother on the banks of the Indus. He has just summoned me to him, and very likely I shall leave on the day after to-morrow."[2]

It is easy to understand how glad the two Fathers, Acquaviva and Montserrat, would have been to meet each other again, and to have facility for confession, of which they had been so long deprived. Blessed Rudolf, however, broke down before the journey was half over, and fell dangerously ill. He was without a friend, without

[1] 1 Cor. iv. 13. [2] Angelini, p. 94.

a doctor, without medicine, and surrounded by many who would have rejoiced at his death. He loved to sing to himself those touching words, "To Thee is the poor man left, Thou wilt be a helper to the orphan."[1] The fever brought him to death's door, but he rallied, and was able to continue his journey. He reached Lahore a few days before the arrival of Akbar, who entered that city on the last day of Ramazan, October the 29th, and who received Blessed Rudolf with all possible esteem and affection.

On the 3rd of November, the Emperor reached Delhi, where he was welcomed by his mother, and by his third son, Prince Danyal. Nine days later, the triumphant Sovereign arrived at Fatehpur-Sikri. The defeat of his rivals enabled Akbar at length to put into execution his scheme of the new religion, of which he was to be the Supreme Head, Infallible Teacher, and, to the common herd at least, Supreme God.[2] It was as short-lived as the State religion of Henry VIII., and died out with the death of its founder.[3]

But other events occupied the active mind of the great Emperor. In 1580, on the death of Henry, the Cardinal Sovereign of Portugal,

[1] Psalm x. 14.

[2] The formula of the Divine faith, the new eclectic creed, was "Alahu Akbar." This was intentionally ambiguous, as it may mean, "God is great," or "Akbar is God." See *Aini-Akbari*, p. 166, n. 2.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 212.

Philip II., by the sword of Alva, took possession of that kingdom, and in 1581 was recognized as its ruler by the assembled estates of the Crown. Akbar determined to send a solemn embassy to the great monarch. His representative was also to wait on the Sovereign Pontiff, and on the General of the Society of Jesus, the uncle of the Emperor's friend. The project seemed, like so many others, a mere dream of the conqueror. But very soon it was evident that his hopes were to be realized. Akbar would not part with Blessed Rudolf, but sent Father Montserrat, with secret instructions, to accompany the embassage to Europe. These instructions were to furnish the Holy Father with such information as would further the introduction of Christianity into the states of the Mogul.[1] The embassy took its departure in the beginning of August, 1581, and reached Goa in the spring of 1852.[2] However, it got no further than Goa. The Viceroy did not wish that it should sail that year, and the rumour of the death of the King made the Mogul's Ambassador return in haste to Fatehpur, leaving Montserrat behind. Father Acquaviva was thus again without the solace of a companion. The young prince, Murad, was transferred to his care.

[1] Bartoli, *Missione*, p. 43. But Alegambe says the Ambassador's instructions were merely to pay Akbar's respects to the Pope, to King Philip, and the Father General.

[2] Angelini, p. 93.

Intoxicated with success, and full of his new scheme of a composite religion, Akbar showed now little sign of becoming a Christian. Through Abul Fazl, Blessed Rudolf asked the Emperor whether or no he wished to hear any more instructions in the faith, as otherwise it was mere loss of time for the Father to remain in his dominions?

In answer to this, Acquaviva was summoned to the royal presence; but again the conversation turned merely on general topics. However, Father Rudolf urged the question which was uppermost in his mind. To turn off the unwelcome inquiry, Akbar urged the Father to put his belief to the test, and to accept the challenge of one of his bitterest opponents.[1]

As the Sovereign carefully but steadily advanced his scheme of religious reform, the rage of the Moslems was all the more centred on Blessed Rudolf. Driven into a corner by the force of his arguments, one of the most famous of the Muhammadans, Shaikh Kutbuddin, had dared to propose that a great fire should be kindled in the presence of Akbar, and that he and Father Rudolf should enter together, Rudolf with the Bible, and the Muhammadan with his Kuran, "and if one of us gets through it safely," he argued, "this will prove the truth of his creed."

The fire was lit, and the Shaikh pulled Acquaviva by his cassock, saying, "Come, in the name

[1] Guzman.

of God!"[1] Rudolf's first idea was to accept the challenge; but on second thoughts, he saw that he had no right to tempt God, and that the truth had no need of such a proof, as it had been already demonstrated to the full. But for fear lest his refusal should seem a victory for the adversaries of the faith, not however until he had sought counsel in prayer, he determined to show clearly that fear had no part in his declining the ordeal. In the midst of an audience with Akbar, in presence of his whole Court and of the learned litigants, he explained the motives of his refusal. It was death to speak against Mahomet, and even though the Emperor might wish to protect him, Rudolf knew that every true Musalman would glory in taking the life of a blasphemer. Accordingly, he openly declared that the Prophet was an impostor and a liar, while Jesus Christ was the true Son of God, nor *was there any other name given under Heaven* in which hope could be placed. This protest fully satisfied the Sovereign as to the courage of Acquaviva.

It was then that Akbar sent, a few days after, to beg Blessed Rudolf to accept the challenge. He added that he would take care that the Mullah, whom he hated for his wicked life, should enter the fire first, as he had been the one to make the proposal; but that on his death he would prevent

[1] Badauni, ii. p. 299, v. *Aini-Akbari*, p. 191. He states that it took place about the end of 1581.

Acquaviva from following him.[1] The Father very plainly told Akbar he could have no hand in such a plot.[2] The Emperor, however, banished the Shaikh with a number of other fakirs.

Akbar would seem to have had enough of disputation on religious topics. However, he consented to summon an assembly for the coming Saturday. But when the day arrived he made an excuse for not appearing, but allowed the discussion to go on without him. For all that, he regretted having in any way broken his word, and he appointed a fresh debate for the following Monday. The hall was full, as the Emperor brought a very large number of Mullahs and the great dignitaries of his Court. Rudolf argued with such success as to silence his adversaries, and Akbar himself had to interfere, and every now and then, in a half-joking way, make some defence of the badly beaten Moslems.

Nor did Father Rudolf confine his refutation to the errors of Mahomet, but spoke just as plainly of the doctrines and practices of the

[1] Badauni, as above.

[2] *Aini-Akbari*, and Alegambe, cited in the *Summ.*, p. 25. Bernier, *Lettre à M. de la Motte*. English edit. London, 1891, p. 288, however, tells a second-hand story that he had from a Muhammadan, how Akbar's son and heir, Jahangir, in a drunken fit, proposed to a Florentine (?) Jesuit Father to finish the controversy between the Jesuits and the Mullahs by the ordeal of fire, and how the Father accepted, but the adversaries were so alarmed that the Emperor did not insist. Catrou, *Histoire de la Dynastie Mogoul*, Paris, 1715, says it was Father Joseph D'Acosta who proposed this test to Jahangir.

Hindus. The Emperor, on his return to Fatehpur, had invited Blessed Rudolf to be present at a *suttee*, the burning of a widow on the death-pyre of her deceased husband. Acquaviva again boldly condemned this self-slaughter, and told Akbar that he himself was guilty of the crime in allowing it. His courage in speaking thus gained him credit among many, but the Hindus were furious at his endeavour to interfere with a practice so bound up with their social life. In the beginning of 1586, the Emperor forbade polygamy and allowed widows to re-marry. He did not, however, absolutely forbid *suttee*, though he wished it not to be practised in the case of a child-widow.

Akbar evidently began to fear that in their desperation the Moslems would try to kill the Father, and he offered him an escort. Acquaviva, however, while thanking him, firmly declined the offer. He reminded his Majesty that he had already refused to allow the Viceroy of Goa to demand hostages for his safety and for that of his companions, as he deemed it a glory to lay down his life for Christ. To accept a guard would have seemed to rob him of that glory and to show distrust in God. Akbar insisted, for he had given his word for the Father's safety, and he did not wish to lose his teacher. However, Blessed Rudolf maintained his opinion, and the Emperor told his Court of his heroic words and courage.

One thought ever filled the Martyr's heart—the conversion of Akbar. For this he poured out his prayers and tears, for this he constantly offered the Holy Mass. He urged the Emperor to prepare his heart for this grace, by abstaining from crime and by kindness to the poor. It was this year, 1583, that the two homes for the poor were built and entrusted to the followers of Abul Fazl.[1] Rudolf even induced Akbar to fast, a practice familiar enough to a follower of Mahomet. But the Emperor consoled himself with immoderate drink, a vice to which two of his sons afterwards fell victims.[2]

The account of Blessed Rudolf's inner life at this time is fortunately preserved for us, as on his return to Goa he unveiled his past to one whom he trusted as his spiritual guide, probably Father Nuñez Rodriguez. This "manifestation of conscience" his director, after his martyrdom, consigned to writing. "Father Rudolf," says Nuñez, "for the three years he spent at the Court of the Mogul, and especially for the last, when he was alone, led the life of a hermit. His food was very scanty and badly cooked, and he fasted some days every week. The hair-shirt, disciplines, and every sort of unusual method of penance and self-inflicted suffering were ever

[1] See p. 71. One was for the Hindus, the other for the Muhammadans. A third was built for the Jogis, or Hindu ascetics. Badauni, p. 324, *Aini-Akbari*.

[2] *Aini-Akbari*, p. 309; cf. Alegambe, pp. 34, 64.

employed by him. His study was chiefly the Holy Scriptures. The rest of his time, for he never left his house save when summoned to Court, he devoted partly to perfecting himself in Persian, and partly to prayer. He used always to spend the greater portion of the day united with God; but when he was living alone, this union was almost uninterrupted. On most nights he devoted the hours from sunset to sunrise in prayer, so that when he returned to Goa, he did not seem to have come back from a Court or from a heathen and Muhammadan land, but from the noviceship or from a retreat. The weariness, the illnesses, the perils of death, the sufferings he bore were excessive, and served as a preparation for martyrdom. Still, if his trials were great, so too were the consolations which God gave to his soul, and in fact far greater, especially in this last year of his solitude, in which he used to say he lived in accordance with his own tastes; nor could he speak of it without breaking down into tears."

His letters to Goa breathed his saintly spirit and roused all to emulate his devotion. But this life, "so much to his taste," did not shut his eyes to the fact, which was becoming every day more clear, that the Emperor had, in spite of all his fair promises, no intention of becoming a Christian.

Rudolf inquired one day of Abul Fazl why Akbar, who evidently was not prepared to become

a Christian, wished him to stay any longer at Court. The Emperor told his counsellor frankly that he loved to see around him the learned of every race, and especially one whose teaching he so much admired. This Abul Fazl reported to Father Acquaviva, and assured him that he had seen his Sovereign, the very day before, place the Bible with all reverence on his head, an honour which he had never paid to a copy of the Kuran that he had just received, although it was far more richly and elegantly bound. However, this did not blind our Saint to the real state of the Emperor's views.

A letter of the Saint to the Provincial of Goa, hitherto unpublished, throws interesting light on his thoughts and surroundings at this time.

✠

"Very Reverend Father in Christ,—From my other letters your Reverence will have learnt how an educated man called M. X., whom Father Montseratt calls by another name, Doctor Imperbicado,[1] had told me that he wished to become a Christian, how the affair became known, and how when the King knew of it, he gave him permission to do so. But from what I understand from him, he never intended to become a Christian here, but if he ever does become one, he intends to do so in Christian territory. And it happened that the King, during those intrigues

[1] Evidently a nickname.

about Dominic Pires, most imprudently told every one that he (M. X.?) wished to become a Christian, for, by nature, Dominic can keep nothing to himself, although, when excusing himself to me, he said he did it for the edification there would be when it was known that a man so hono[ured in the[1]] sect—*casta*—of Mahomet wished to be a Christian. I think that he (M. X.?) was very much annoyed at the publication, although he dissembled, and has not ceased to be friendly with me as before. I did not write more about this man to your Reverence, because I doubt very much if he has a true call or not, and there are some things about him which do not please me. Time will show us what hope we may entertain in his regard.

"A few days after we had had those troubles with the King on account of Dominic Pires, there arrived a captain of eminence from Bengal, a man very learned in the sect of the Sufis (*Sofis*), who knows also something about philosophy. The King called me and told me privately to converse with that learned man, for perhaps it might happen that he would become a Christian. And he afterwards summoned him, and said to him: 'This is [?] the *padre* of whom I spoke. Converse with him.' And he did converse with me very frequently, and showed himself very ready to agree on points of doctrine, as all the Sufis do, but as for the rest—*non credo Christum illis*

[1] MS. damaged in this place.

—I do not trust Christ to them, for most of them are deceivers. May our Lord convert them!

"The King keeps this Court in a great state of embarrassment with the novelties he introduces every day in it. For, among other things, he seems to pay much reverence to God's creatures, such as the sun and the moon. And from Saturday evening to the end of Sunday he does not eat flesh-meat, and I am credibly informed that many heathens here do this, on account of a superstition that it is a day of . . .[1] Not only does he not eat flesh-meat, but on most occasions he does not allow [beasts] to be slaughtered in the bazaar, so that consequently we are generally not able to get meat on Sunday. Besides this, three days after having begun his Lent, he instituted a new Easter, which they call Merjan: and he ordered that on that day all the captains should dress in festal attire, and there was native music (*tangeres*) and dancing (*bailares*). I asked the King's astrologers, and they told me that it was a feast which the ancient Kings of Persia, who worshipped fire, used to celebrate. The Muhammadans were much scandalized, although no one dared not to imitate him, because they do not yet understand, whether he does these and similar things because he likes them, or merely to try how far he can go with his [subjects]. I really cannot quite understand him, for he treats us with great familiarity, and does

[1] MS. damaged here.

not (cease) inquiring about things regarding the faith, as he has done all this winter, most minutely, &c. And, on the other hand, it seems that he is embarrassed by other things, although he confessed to me one day that he was so bewildered as not to know how to determine what is the truth.

"Another heathen festival took place the day before yesterday, at which the King assisted with more solemnity than in other years. And I can see in this Court that (cursed ?)[1] Allah is well obeyed. Kings make laws as they choose. If he should desire to take God's Law . . . it seems to me that his wisdom would be his salvation (?).

"On Tuesday, the 24th of September, the King came towards evening to be present at the marriage of Dominic Pires in our chapel. He invited himself. We adorned the chapel very nicely for him, and I had three devices (*enigmas*) of his honours painted for him, and Dominic Pires ordered a banquet to be prepared for him in the Portuguese style here in our house. The King was pleased with everything, and showed me great affection for having given him the best reception possible. In the discourse at the wedding to the married couple, as the woman did not understand Persian, the King was pleased to be interpreter, and explained to her in the vernacular what I said in Persian. The King

[1] MS. damaged.

stayed at our house till nearly eight o'clock at night. He was delighted to bring with him his principal captains, both Muhammadans and heathens; and one of the heathens, who is Governor of these realms, was much astonished, and made a profound reverence in the chapel. The three sons of the King were also present, and dined in the house, as well as some of the chief Muhammadan captains, whom the King ordered [to come].

"I have no more news to write at present, except to propose to your Reverence and to ask you the following things: first, that if it seems good to your Reverence that I should not be here at all, your Reverence would seek some way out of the difficulty, for the King takes no notice of my asking leave of him [to depart], and it only serves to exasperate him the more. Your Reverence well knows about me that I am indifferent; and my indifference only grows more complete, as I am in suspense, and do not know what God wishes for [?] my mission.

"The second thing is to ask your Reverence to write to me your opinion about erecting a church, which the King said he wished built here, if you have not as yet signified to me your wishes by another letter.

"The third is that your Reverence will have the charity to write to me how I ought to deal with the King, for I fear that he and some of his people would like to make use of me to approve

the Law of Muhammad, and (at the same time) take such things as please them from the Sacred Scriptures for some end which is in no way in favour of our faith; for persons are not wanting who believe that one day (or other) the King will come out with some novelty.

"The fourth is to beg your Reverence to give me a general permission, whenever convenient and when I may have opportunity and permission from the King, to go to see your Reverence at Damaun, or at any other place you order; for I have many things to communicate to you about this mission, which I have discovered since I learnt the language, and I am discovering more every day. Much prudence, counsel, and consideration therefore are needed if we are to treat the affairs of this mission as they should be treated. And it may be that I shall not want for something to put my hand to, if after having laid all before your Reverence and taken your counsel and orders, we begin this mission with new strength in the Lord (*spiritu*), even though this wicked sect should not cease to raise as great difficulties as ever.

"And now I will propose a plan which occurs to me, namely, to have at Goa a Seminary of the Persian language for the Muhammadans, and of Hindustani for the heathens, for boys, both sons of heathens and of Muhammadans, who are there, and also for those who could be sent to it from here. This seems to me the only plan, as the

King publicly states that he wishes that in his territories every person may follow the religion which each prefers. And so I will conclude, begging your Reverence's blessing and the Holy Sacrifices and prayers of yourself and of all.

"At Futepur (*sic*) to-day, the 27th of September, 1582.

"Since the King in his firman wrote to your Reverence that you would learn from me the reason why he did not remove from their posts the neighbouring captains who are hostile, I write to you what the King himself said to me, namely, lest they should think they have been deprived of their positions[1] on religious grounds, but that he will discover some other fault for which he will remove them, and he is already preparing the way to remove Calich, as I myself have seen. As yet I do not know what he will do.

"The day before yesterday news arrived of the capture of the men of war of the . . .[2] up to now spoken of it, but at this very hour, while I write, the Queen, the mother of the King, sends to call me.

"Your Reverence's servant in Christ,

"RODOLFO."[3]

[1] MS. damaged here.

[2] MS. damaged here.

[3] The letter, which is in the British Museum, Add. MSS. 9854, pp. 1—4, is endorsed: "To the Very Reverend Father in Christ . . . [MS. damaged here], Father Ruj Vicente, Provincial of the Society of Jesus in this part . . . [MS. damaged here] India." See Appendix A.

The Provincial was becoming anxious to recall Blessed Rudolf, partly on account of his failing health, broken down by constant illness, and partly because he himself felt that his stay was of no avail. As an excuse, Vicente urged that it was absolutely necessary that Acquaviva should accompany the proposed embassy to Europe. Akbar declared at once that he would rather give up the idea of an embassy than lose one he so much loved, and from whom he had learned so much. However, as he declared that he would not prevent Rudolf from leaving, that Father came the following day to urge his request. He assured the Emperor that other Fathers would be sent in his place, and that he would leave behind him the books and pictures which the Sovereign so much valued. The Emperor replied that the new-comers must arrive before he left, so that he might judge for himself if they would meet with his approval. If they did so, he would not retain Rudolf; but he declared again, before all his Court, that he never would give him up willingly. So much had our *Beato* won all hearts, that he was looked upon, except by a few of the Muhammadans, as a prophet and a saint, and Akbar was strongly urged to retain him. When the Father tried to induce one of his bitterest foes to use his influence to get him expelled the Court, the Mullah positively refused. Acquaviva wrote accordingly to the Provincial: "As you do not wish me to leave at the King's displeasure, and as I cannot do this

without grievously offending him, I feel there is no good trying. However, Father, I do not think I am of any use here, nor am I necessary for the embassy to Europe. But I do not wish to be here more than anywhere else. My resolution is to do God's will, and I know for certain I can learn what is His will from you alone. As I have pitched my tent here at your orders, so will I shift it whithersoever you desire."

As the pretext of the journey to Europe had failed, the Provincial saw only one means of bringing Blessed Rudolf away from the Court of the Mogul. He ordered him to avail himself of the Emperor's promise that he would not detain him by force.

At a fresh audience, the Father laid his Superior's commands before Akbar. As Acquaviva was determined to leave, he gave his consent on the condition that he would return as soon as his Superiors allowed him to do so, or, if unable, would despatch other Fathers in his place. The Emperor sent to his lodgings a magnificent present of gold and jewels, to the value of several thousands of pounds. Acquaviva accepted what was barely enough to pay his travelling expenses, and sent back the remainder, with the message that he wished to return to Goa as poor as he came. One favour, however, he ventured to ask. The Begam, Hamidah Banu, the mother of Akbar, had in her household, among her other slaves, a Russian from Moscow, with his Polish

wife and their two children, whose faith and morals alike were in the gravest peril. These four he begged to be allowed to take with him to Goa. The Begam, who was no friend of the *Farangi* and infidel *Padres*, was most unwilling to give up these slaves, specially prized, no doubt, because brought from afar. But Akbar would refuse nothing to Blessed Rudolf. And so, upon his departure, the Father carried them off in triumph. The hatred of the Muhammadans, and the perils of robbers, made the journey one of great danger. The party arrived at Goa in the May of 1583.

The Fathers in that city had well-nigh given up all hopes of ever seeing Father Acquaviva again. A fresh attack of fever, or a whim of the Emperor, or the fury of the mob, might so easily have taken away his life in the far-off Fatehpur-Sikri. Besides Akbar, whose will was law, had absolutely refused to allow him to leave. The delight of the Jesuits at having him once more amongst them was great in proportion to their past fears. He came to them as one who had risen from the dead. They listened with the deepest interest to his account of the Mogul Court, and of the vast harvest of souls awaiting the sickle in the immense Empire of Northern India.

At Goa, as elsewhere, the sweet and absorbed look of Blessed Rudolf, his innocence and gentleness, won him the name of the Angel. His

example and his words were a great help to the large community of St. Paul's. On the feast of the two Apostles, June 29th, there was a solemn renewal of vows, and Father Acquaviva was requested to deliver the usual sermon, and this he did to the great profit and delight of all. He had prepared himself for the renewal by opening out, as has been said, all the deepest secrets of his heart to his Provincial, telling him all that had passed in his soul during those three years far away from community life, and in the midst of the brilliant and luxurious Court of Akbar.

CHAPTER IX.

SALSETTE.

1583.

Blessed Rudolf was named by his Provincial to a post of danger. He was appointed Superior of the Jesuit Mission in the peninsula of Salsette. This must not be confounded with the island of the same name, whose southernmost point is now joined to Bombay by two railways. The Salsette, as it is called, *of Goa*, with its teeming population and its rich soil, was, as has been said, ceded in 1544[1] to the Portuguese by their powerful neighbour, Ibrahim Adil Shah I., the Sovereign of Bijapur. In a struggle for his throne, he had wished, as has been told above, to buy off the aid which Martin Alphonsus de Souza, the Viceroy of Goa, seemed likely to give to one of his uncles, who was a competitor for his throne. Adil Shah complained of the bad faith of the Portuguese, during the government of Don John de Castro, who had promised to surrender the uncle, but had instead kept him at Goa as a possible rival to that Sovereign. Adil sent a body of troops to invade the territory of Salsette. Though

[1] *Asia Portuguesa*, t. ii. pt. i. c. xiv. p. 144.

they were driven back, the nearness of the enemy gave little promise of stable peace to the Portuguese.

Salsette runs south-east for about five leagues, from the promontory of Mormugao, including the commune of Cuncolim. Its greatest breadth is only two leagues. The whole contains some hundred and two square miles.[1] A small river, called the *Rio de Sal*—Salt River—runs southward, and flows into the Indian Ocean at the extreme limit of Salsette. It divides the country into two parts. The territory is separated from Goa and from what was then part of the Kingdom of Bijapur, on the north, by an estuary; but it has no natural protection on the eastern and southern frontiers. Save some uplands in the north, the district consists of plains, rich with rice-fields and palm-groves. Each village has its own government, as is the case in most parts of India.

It was only in 1560 that the Jesuit Fathers were able to preach in Salsette, where there seem to have been already some thousand Christians among the native population. The first Mass was said in a little hut at Cortalim, by Father Peter Mascarenhas, on the first day of May[2] in

[1] Fonseca, *Historical Sketch of Goa*, p. 1. Bombay, 1878. See map.

[2] Francis de Souza, *Oriente Conquistado*, t. i. c. i. d. ii. § 61. It was the Viceroy, Constantine de Bragança, who committed Salsette to the care of the Society. Father Peter Mascarenhas, after years of labour and peril, died of poison at the hands of the pagans of Molucca. Patrignani, Jan. 7.

that year. The Hindus, of whom a large proportion were Brahmans, deeply resented both the erection of Catholic churches in their midst and any attempt at conversion. Again and again they attacked the missioners and their followers. Six years later, 1566, Father Francis Rodriguez persuaded the Viceroy to forbid the repairing or building of any heathen pagodas, and a number of abandoned temples were turned into churches, as in our own land in the days of St. Augustine. In 1567, Antony de Noronha, the then Viceroy, ordered the complete destruction of all the temples and idols throughout Salsette. Father Lewis Göes himself tore down the statue of Mammay, the Salsette Venus, in Cuncolim, the centre of a voluptuous and degrading worship.

Meanwhile the Fathers devoted themselves to the work of conversion. A hospital, a charity then unknown to the Hindu, was opened in 1568, at Margaõ. It served not only for the sick, but as a refuge for converts, who had sacrificed all for the faith. And there, in 1574, six years later, a college or seminary was established. At that date, in accordance with the request of the Archbishop of Goa, Gaspar de Leão Pereira, and with the approval of Rome, the whole district of Salsette was entirely handed over to the care of the Jesuit Fathers, who were to work as missioners under a Vicar of the Archbishop, and to serve the various parish churches as *quasi*-parish priests. They were constituted into a

College, under a Rector, just as have been the missionary priests of the Society of Jesus in England.

With this new organization, Christianity flourished until 1577, when an envoy sent by Ali Adil Shah I., the son and successor of Ibrahim Adil Shah I., returned from Portugal and announced that the Sovereign, Don Sebastian, had promised liberty of religion to his subjects; though, as the story ran, the royal favour had been suppressed by the Portuguese authorities. The pagans of Salsette at once flew to arms, and robbed and killed the Christians. The city of Goa seemed unwilling to aid their brethren in Salsette, probably because they objected on commercial grounds to the repressive measures of the Government. The municipality pleaded want of means, nor was it until the Society of Jesus offered the loan of three thousand ducats that two hundred soldiers were raised to protect their neophytes. By these troops the revolt was put down, and peace was restored. But the College of Margaõ had lost all its income, and most of the Fathers were forced to return to Goa, leaving two only in Salsette.

Next year the troops of the King of Bijapur again invaded Salsette. They laid waste the churches, and killed a number of Christians, and the two Fathers were obliged to take refuge at Goa. Thither they were followed by numbers of converts, to whom the Society gave support and shelter.

Peace was concluded with the King of Bijapur in 1580; but it was by no means thorough. In the extreme south of Salsette, the people of the villages of Cuncolim and Assolna, not only adhered firmly to their Hindu creed, kept up the worship in their temples, and continued their human sacrifices, but they paid their taxes only when and where they chose, or as their *jogis*, or priests, bade them, and often fell upon and beat the collectors. In 1582, a messenger bearing despatches to the Viceroy from Cochin, when passing through Cuncolim, was attacked, the letters taken from him, and he himself severely handled. Orders were given at once from Goa for reprisals, and a flotilla of boats, commanded by the Viceroy's cousin, Giles Anna de Mascarenhas, entered the Rio de Sal at night, and destroyed the pagoda of Assolna. Father Antony Francisco, then priest at Orlim, served as chaplain to the troops, and set fire with his own hand to the temple. At the same time the Governor of Rachol marched from the north with a body of Portuguese and native soldiers to the support of Mascarenhas. With him was Father Peter Berno, who put the torch to the large pagoda of Cuncolim. The inhabitants of the place had fled across the frontier; but when the troops withdrew, they returned and rebuilt their temples.

The Governor of Rachol marched once more to Cuncolim. He cut down the palm-trees, the fruit-trees, and the crops, and threw up earth-

works, as if he were going permanently to occupy the ground. Three Fathers accompanied the force as chaplains, Emanuel Teixeira, Peter Berno, and Alphonsus Pacheco.[1] A boy, a native of the village, then a student of the seminary at Rachol, called Dominic, showed the Fathers the way to a number of little pagan sanctuaries in the neighbourhood. These Berno destroyed, as well as a great ant-hill, an object of worship. He killed a sacred cow on the spot, with the double object of defiling the holy place and of destroying an object of superstition, and he profaned a sacred tank by casting into it the intestines of the slaughtered animal.[2]

The inhabitants at length submitted, and sent representatives, with a safe conduct, to the Viceroy at Goa. They were, at the prayer of Father Pacheco,[3] who had then come back to India, graciously received, and returned with presents of robes of silk brocade.

The procedure of the Fathers seems almost inexplicable in days when universal toleration is at all events professed. But in this, as in so many other matters, it is necessary to judge things by the standard of the period. To a Catholic of the sixteenth century, with his deep

[1] Valignano said that, but for the zeal of Father Pacheco, idolatry would have been re-established in Goa. Bartoli, *Missione*, p. 122.

[2] See *Oriente Conquistado*, t. ii. p. 204; Bartoli, *Missione*, p. 62; Alegambe, p. 61, § 19.

[3] *Summ.* p. 65, n. xxxiv. v. vi.

and unquestioning faith, the very permission of idolatry in a state, subject to a Christian ruler, was deemed unlawful because an offence against the natural law. A forced conversion was known to be no conversion at all, and a change of heart and of mind could only be the work of patient instruction, and still more of good example and of prayer. But the Portuguese authorities considered that the sensuous rites which surrounded, as they still surround, popular Hindu worship ought to be suppressed by the arm of the law, just as are the *suttee* and the domestic institution of Salt Lake in our days.

Baron Hubner, in his work on the British Empire,[1] points out that the Catholic system has resulted in the conversion of whole populations, both in the Old World and in the New; while the Protestant powers have systematically left the peoples under their sway in the heathenism or Muhammadanism in which they found them. Or they have robbed them of whatever belief they possessed, and given them in exchange agnosticism and unbelief. True, within this century, private efforts are being made on an immense scale to convert the Jew, the heathen, the Muhammadan, and even the Catholic to the uncertain thing called Protestantism, though the failures of these efforts are proverbial. The work of St. Francis Xavier and his successors is still living in the native Christians of Goa and Ceylon.

[1] *A travers l'Empire Britannique*, t. ii. Hachette, 1886.

The Viceroy, Telles de Menezes, insisted that the Provincial, Father Vicente, should see that more churches were built in Salsette, to give the converts the opportunity of practising their religion.[1] In 1578, Father Alphonsus Pacheco had been sent to Europe. On the 4th of August, Don Sebastian had perished in his fatal attack on Morocco. Thus Father Alphonsus, on his arrival at Lisbon, found Portugal without a King, and, as he was a Spaniard, he went off at once to Spain and to his dearly loved province of Toledo. Thence he proceeded to Rome, to carry on some negotiations of grave importance with the Congregation of the Indies and with the Father General which had been confided to him by his Superiors.[2] He was received with great kindness by Pope Gregory XIII., and was most successful in his interviews with Father Everard Mercurian. On his return to Lisbon, in the spring of 1580,[3] the plague was raging in that port, and he was forced to defer his voyage. He had an interview with the new Sovereign of Portugal, Philip II. of Spain, who was then in that country. The monarch was never a staunch friend of the Society of Jesus, and had evidently been prejudiced against the action of the Fathers in India by the native envoy sent to Europe by the people of Salsette. This ambassador was

[1] *Summ.* p. 66, xxxviii.
[2] Alcazar, t. ii. p. 571; and *Summ.* n. 9, p. 49.
[3] Alegambe, *Summ.* n. 9, p. 52.

also supported by Portuguese who, if we are to believe the chronicles of the Order, had been seduced by Indian gold. Philip had been assured that unless religious toleration was granted, the whole population would emigrate from Salsette, with great loss to the Spanish Treasury, and that Goa would be constantly exposed to attacks from the Sovereign of Bijapur. Father Pacheco, from his thorough knowledge of the country, which he had visited as Socius of the Jesuit Provincial of India, could assure the monarch that there was no fear of the whole population leaving the teeming soil of Salsette, or of putting themselves under the cruel yoke of Ali Adil Shah, and that, even if they did, there would be plenty of people willing to take their place. He showed, too, that no stronger bulwark could be raised for Goa against its powerful neighbour than the conversion of Salsette. Finally, he urged that it would be a disgrace to Philip to inaugurate his rule in India by allowing the heathen to rebuild their pagodas and idols in face of his royal city. The King was convinced, and not only rejected the prayer of the Hindus, but published a decree forbidding that any such toleration should be allowed by his Indian Viceroy.

It was only on the 8th of April, 1581, that Blessed Alphonsus was able to leave Europe. He sailed in the flagship of the Spanish fleet, *St. Lawrence*, named out of compliment to Philip II., who was then completing the Escu-

rial, which is dedicated to that Saint. It carried the new Viceroy, Don Francis Mascarenhas, who had distinguished himself in the heroic defence of Chaul against the Nizam. On board the same vessel was Father Jerome Xavier, S.J., the grandson of a sister of St. Francis.[1] He was to be the future successor of Blessed Rudolf at the Court of the Mogul, and founder of the Mission of Agra, which still exists.[2] A third Father, by name Martin, died of the plague on the voyage. The ship *Salvador* carried four other Jesuits, of whom one, Antony Francisco, requires further mention. The third vessel, *Los Reis Magos* —"The Three Kings"—bore other two Fathers and two lay-brothers.

Blessed Antony Francisco was a poor student at Coimbra, when the news of the martyrdom of Blessed Ignatius Azevedo and his forty companions gave him an ardent desire to join the Society of Jesus, so as to gain the chance of sharing in their crown. He was received into the Novitiate, and, at the close of his probation, went to continue his studies in Evora.[3] His voyage to India must have come as the fulfilment of his old wish. Three years after his arrival in the East, he was ordained priest, and sent to the Moluccas. The post was one of such danger

[1] *Questions historiques*, July 1, 1880, p. 234.

[2] In or about 1617, Philip II. of Spain named Jerome to the archbishopric of Angamale-Cranganore. But the Father died at Goa on January 17, 1617, before being consecrated.

[3] *Summ.* Evidence of Father Sebastian Gonsalves, p. 51, § i.

that none but the bravest were ever detailed for it. As he bade good-bye at Goa to a Father Alphonsus Rodriguez, who afterwards witnessed to his words, he told him that for many years, at the Elevation during Holy Mass, he had begged for the chance of dying for the faith, and he thought he was going to win his crown at the hands of the Malays, a hope which filled him with joy.[1]

But the ship was driven back to Angediva,[2] an island south of Salsette. There Antony awaited his Superior's orders, which were to return, and to pass through Cuncolim, to take charge of the parish of Orlim. He was very much honoured for his holiness, and went by the name of the Saint.

Father Pacheco had won the heart of the new Viceroy during the voyage from Europe, so that he chose him for his confessor.[3] On landing, Pacheco had laid before Father Vicente, the Provincial of India, the result of his negotiations at Rome and Lisbon, and had been entrusted by him with the delicate and perilous post of Rector or Superior of Salsette de Goa.

Father Vicente, however, very naturally thought he could put the task of restoring religion in Salsette into no better hands than those of

[1] *Summ.* p. 56, n. vi.

[2] Angediva is a Portuguese possession not far off the mainland, but some forty miles south of Salsette.

[3] Alegambe, *Summ.* n. ix. § 21, p. 53.

Blessed Rudolf. He accordingly recalled Father Pacheco, who had just gained fresh claims of affection on the hearts of the natives, by interceding with the new Viceroy on their behalf. At the Provincial's request, Alphonsus Pacheco put all his experience at the disposal of his successor.

Father Vicente had intended to have inducted Blessed Rudolf in person into his new office, and in fact they went together by boat, but the Provincial got no further than the island of Chorao, when a sudden malady of his eyes obliged him to return to Goa, and he sent Father Pacheco in his place. Blessed Alphonsus had well deserved the name of *Father of the Christians*, the title of a Father appointed to the office of safeguarding the interests of the converts, by his untiring devotion to them, by the zeal with which he shielded them from the hostility of the heathens, and from the cupidity and bad treatment of some of the Portuguese. Not only had he taught the catechumens their religion, but he had looked after their temporal interests when they were baptized, provided food, clothing, and work for the destitute, defended them when unjustly accused before the magistrates, and cared for them tenderly when ill.

Father Acquaviva, in imitation of St. Francis Xavier, set out with no other luggage than his breviary, a Bible, and a manuscript Life of his model, the Apostle of the Indies. Even from a southerner the sun of the tropics demands in our

days some additional precautions against its power.

The new Superior was anxiously awaited by his subjects, who had deferred the solemnity of the renewal of their vows till his arrival. They had come in from the various villages and parish churches to Cortalim, the first place reached from Goa on landing in Salsette. There, at the residence adjoining the church, the six Fathers and one Brother met, and there those who were to renew their vows made the half-yearly general confession of Rule, the manifestation of conscience, and the penitential exercises prescribed. On Thursday, the 11th of July, after a fervent exhortation of Blessed Rudolf, they offered up afresh the sacrifice of themselves to God.

Brother Aranha, who was to share in the triumph of Blessed Rudolf, was a young man, born apparently at Braga.[1] He was nephew of the holy prelate, the first Archbishop of Goa, Don Gaspar de Leão Pereira, with whom, in 1560, he had come out to India, as a boy of nine or ten. He was skilled as a draughtsman and as an architect; and when twenty years old, he begged to be received as a lay-brother. His request was granted, and he entered the Society on All Saints' Day, 1571. He was a man who was ever occupied, never giving way to weariness,

[1] So says Alegambe, *Summ.* p. 63, § 1. But the Fathers and a native of Salsette speak of him as born at Lisbon. See *Summ.* p. 62, vi. and p. 63, ii. and xx.

and of great humility. While living at Rachol, where the Fathers had a large establishment, he used a big, rough packing-case for his bed, and he used to say that when he was martyred this box would serve as his coffin. He had built the church at Curtolim, and was constantly employed in restoring or reconstructing the churches and presbyteries destroyed by the heathen. He always had a strong wish to build a church at Cuncolim, the centre of idolatry and of opposition to Christianity; and he often told people of that place, whom he met when they were passing through Cortalim to Goa, that he was soon coming to carry out his designs in their village.

Father Berno, as Vicar of Margaõ, displayed so much zeal, that he made as many converts as all the other Fathers of the mission put together. He learned with surprising rapidity, but by dint of hard study, the language of the country so well as to be able to preach fluently in it.

On the Thursday evening, the 11th of July, 1583, the whole party went on to the church and presbytery of Verna, a short distance to the south, where the best plan of action was to be discussed for bringing the people gently and swiftly into the Master's fold. Father Acquaviva, who remembered no doubt the impression made upon him on his first arrival in India, proposed to have a large public baptism, with all possible ceremony, to welcome his old fellow-novice, the

Visitor, Father Valignano, then expected back very shortly from Japan. Pacheco, in foresight of the ceremony, had brought with him a quantity of material for the baptismal robes of the poorer catechumens. He knew his own flock, but he asked each of the parish priests how many they expected to have instructed by the 5th of August, the day proposed for the ceremony. Father Berno was able to promise ninety-three.

The Fathers went on to discuss the ways and means of getting the pagans to instructions, and, among other things, it was proposed that the converts should invite their pagan friends and relatives, and that an orphanage should be opened for Christians and pagans alike.[1]

In accordance with the wish of the late Viceroy, Francis Mascarenhas, that churches should be built all through the land, to accustom the people to the public and solemn worship of the true faith, Father Acquaviva proposed that this suggestion should be carried out. The time seemed favourable, because the country appeared to be pacified, and the intervention of Father Pacheco, joined to his usual kindness, was thought to have softened the hearts of the natives. Blessed Rudolf recommended each one to imitate that Father's example, by all the charity in their power, and by the distribution of the alms which Pacheco had collected in Goa, to win the heathen over to God. It was resolved

[1] Angelini, pp. 122, 123.

to make a beginning in the southernmost part of Salsette, and in those villages which lay nearest to the borders of the State of Bijapur, where, in consequence, the spirit of attachment to their national belief was the most ardent. There were four villages on the left bank of the Rio de Sal, at some distance from the sea-coast, Cuncolim, Assolna, Velim, and Ambelim. Of these, Cuncolim was to be the first visited, in the hope that, if it could be reduced to the yoke of the Gospel, the others would certainly follow its example.

Acquaviva, in conclusion, exhorted them all to speak out their minds freely, and not to be afraid of telling one another their faults, as these were the greatest hindrance to their apostolate. It was late at night when the consultation came to an end. It had been carried on with all the kindly feeling and charity that St. Ignatius himself could have wished.

The missioners were delighted with their new Superior, and in writing to the Provincial expressed their gratitude for his appointment.

Friday the 12th and Saturday the 13th were spent in visiting the villages in which there were Catholics. In each of these Father Pacheco left alms for the poor, and on Saturday evening they separated to go to their own churches for the Sunday work. Blessed Rudolf, assisted by Blessed Francis, said Mass and preached in the important town of Rachol, which was under the shadow of a fortress held by Portuguese and

native troops. Father Pacheco was at the Church of the Holy Ghost, Margaõ, some four miles off. Father Berno was at St. John the Baptist's, at Colva, on the shores of the Indian Ocean, while Father Francisco was at St. Michael's, Orlim, still further south on the same coast. They announced to their congregations their intention of going on the morrow to Cuncolim, and invited their hearers to accompany them.

That morning, when Blessed Antony was saying Mass, the chalice boiled up to the very rim,[1] a marvel which, in the light of after events, was clearly prophetic.

That evening, Father Acquaviva started for Orlim, with three convert Brahmans of high position, natives of Rachol. One was Francis Rodriguez, collector of the dues of the pagodas; another John da Silva, his scribe, while the third was Paul da Costa, the guardian of the neophytes. Two Portuguese, Gonzalvo Rodrigues, secretary to the Governor of Rachol, Dominic d'Aquiar, with Brother Aranha, also accompanied him. Fathers Pacheco and Berno joined their Superior and Father Francisco at Orlim, the parish church nearest to Cuncolim. The other two Fathers of Salsette were for some reason detained. The news of the intended arrival had reached Cuncolim. In fact, Father Francisco wrote on the Sunday to the head man of the village council,

[1] Alegambe, *Summ.* p. 84, § 145.

whom he chanced to know, to say that they were bringing the new Rector from Goa on the following day, and that he was the bearer of peace and of help to them. The news was received with suppressed threats and mutterings of revenge, for they knew what was the primary object of the visit. A massacre of the Fathers was then and there determined upon, and messengers were sent to invite the people of the neighbouring villages to come and share in their vengeance. The head man wrote back to Father Pacheco to say that the village was much disturbed by quarrels and by a recent murder, and that it would be impossible for the magistrates to receive the Fathers. He added, however, that they were welcome to come if they liked, for the place belonged to the King of Portugal. The answer was frigid enough, and the Fathers debated whether, in view of it, they should go forward. They came to the conclusion, however, that it was quite safe to do so, owing to the recent action of Father Pacheco.

The following day, Monday, was, in other parts of Christendom, the 25th of July. In the previous year, 1582, the new or Gregorian calendar had been adopted by the Catholic States of Europe, and ten days had been suppressed. But the change had not reached India, and so this Monday was counted in those parts as the 15th of July. Exactly thirteen years before, to a day, the Blessed Ignatius Azevedo with his forty

companions had met with their death, at the hands of the Calvinists, in the waters of the Atlantic.

That day was henceforward to be doubly hallowed; and to the Martyrs of the Western Indies were to be added a fresh band, who bore witness to the faith by their blood in the Indies of the East. And as the slaughter of the heroic forty-one was the seed of Catholic faith in Brazil, so were the cruel deaths of the five victims to be the Spring of a fruitful Autumn in Salsette of Goa.

CHAPTER X.

THE MARTYRDOM.

1583.

As there was but one altar at Orlim, it was late on the morning of the eventful 25th of July before the Fathers were able to set out for Cuncolim.[1] Besides Gonzalo Rodriguez, and Dominic d'Aguiar, and those already named, they were accompanied by the native servants of the Fathers, and some Christians from Orlim, about fifty in all. A few other converts had been sent very early under one, named Michael de Costa, to make a shelter,[2] of bamboos and palm-leaves, at Cuncolim, for the Fathers, as it was the time of the monsoon rains. This they erected a little to the east of the modern village, and close to the chief temple, in which the natives had re-installed their favourite goddess, Mammay.[3] The

[1] De Souza says that Father Francisco did not say Mass, as a host was wanting.

[2] Pandal.

[3] This idol, which is said to have been secretly removed to a neighbouring pagoda out of Goanese territory, is a gilt statue of two feet high. It represents the obscene goddess called Mammay, worshipped in Poona under the name of Parbati, who was supposed to have been born close by, at Verna. This deity was still,

strangers were left unharmed to do their work, though some of the pagans would have wished to kill them at once. It was, however, determined in the village council to await the coming of the Fathers, and to wreak their vengeance on those whom they considered their chiefest foes.

It is easy, even at this distance of time, to realize the whole scene of the martyrdom, as, at the Process in 1597, twenty-two of the natives who had accompanied the Martyrs to Cuncolim, gave evidence of what they saw and heard. Some of them had friends among the murderers, and learnt minute details from them.

While the people were arming to achieve their revenge, the Jesuits, with the Portuguese and native Christians, crossed the river. The plain, now rich with rice-fields and sugar-cane, with clumps of mango and cocoa-nut trees, was then nearly covered with thick forest. The party entered the village from the north, and after the Fathers had said their Office under shelter,[1] began at once looking about for a suitable place for their church. The two Portuguese, who knew the neighbourhood, were naturally able to point out the advantages and disadvantages of various sites.

a short time ago, carried in state every year to the spot where the massacre of the martyrs took place, and the hideous spectacle was a sad memorial of pagan fanaticism in a country which is almost entirely Christian, and which forms one of the fairest parts of the Portuguese territory in India. See *Bombay Catholic Examiner*, vol. lxv. n. 27, July 7, 1893.

[1] *Summ. Respons.* p. 7, lx.

They were met by one of the principal persons of Cuncolim, and chief of the Gancares,[1] named Calgu,[2] who saluted them, and addressed himself to Gonzalo Rodriguez. Calgu welcomed him, and assured him that after dinner the people would come to pay their respects to the Fathers, and to offer them the hospitality which such holy and worthy guests deserved.

When Calgu withdrew, the attention of the Fathers was attracted by a disturbance close at hand. They saw a nude Hindu priest throwing his arms and body about like one possessed, and surrounded by a troop of men, women, and children. The fanatic spoke so rapidly, that it was difficult to catch what he said, but the native Christians overheard the words, "War, war! Now is the time; they are laying a trap for us." And over and over again he exclaimed, "This is a good chance. A number of heads will fall!" The Fathers asked those around them what he was saying? Rodriguez answered, "The wizard declares that the devils are fleeing from the village, because your Reverences have arrived."

[1] *Gancar* is the Portuguese form of the word *gáonkár*. *Gáon* is a commune, or Indian village community. The lands of each commune were originally divided among families, each of whom had to pay its part of the quit-rent due from the commune to the Sovereign. "The descendants of those anciently liable to this quit-rent" De Souza, *Oriente Conquistado*, pt. i. c. 1, d. ii. sec. 56, "are Gancares."

[2] Bartoli, p. 67, gives the name Calgo. Angelini, p. 129, calls him Calug, De Souza, Calgu.

The party returned to the shelter, and waited a considerable time for the coming of the principal villagers. None, however, appeared. But a few natives from time to time passed close at hand, evidently to spy out all that was going on. Three of these lingered near, in hopes of overhearing what the Christians were saying, and they learnt that they were consulting about building a church, and planting a cross in the village. Just then the Christian Brahmin, Francis Rodriguez, took two pieces of wood placed crosswise, and fastened them on the top of a stake. "Will not that look like a cross?" he said to his companions. At once the pagans went off to report what they had seen and heard.

The Portuguese, tired of waiting, sent a native Christian *nayak*, or official of Rachol, Francis Pereira,[1] servant of Don Gonzalo, to invite the chief people of the place to meet the Fathers, and treat about the erection of a more solid shelter for themselves. The village council again returned a very cold reply, insisting that they were not able to wait on them, because of the quarrel in their midst. However, Calgu[2] came with Pereira to the shelter under which the Fathers were, and in reply to the question as to what the

[1] The convert Indians received at their baptism the surnames of some of the most illustrious families of Portugal, or sometimes, in the case of a general baptism, the name of the missionary.

[2] Sacchini, p. 82, § 137.

fakir had been saying, answered that he was calling on the people, on behalf of the gods, to come and kill the Fathers, but he himself engaged to prevent any disturbance. This was spoken in presence of Father Pacheco, who was standing by, and the natives interpreted to him what had been said. Accordingly, he took the Gancares to Blessed Rudolf, who had withdrawn to say his Office. Father Acquaviva at once offered to appease the discord, and to reconcile the variance among the villagers. Calgu replied that he must consult the members of his own family before accepting the kind offer, and so went away. Gonzalo Rodriguez, who suspected him of treachery, was anxious to secure the man, but it was evidently impossible to do so, either by stratagem or by force.

The cries of the Hindu priest continued, and only grew louder and clearer than before. So it was resolved to retire to Orlim. But just then a heavy fall of rain forced the Fathers' party to remain under shelter. Meanwhile, as it was mid-day, the Fathers finished the food which had been brought them by the sacristan of Orlim. When they were ready to start, they noticed that some of their native servants were missing. They learnt that they had gone to the bazaar to buy some rice for their dinner. While waiting for them, the Fathers gave their attention to the question of the site of the church. There was a sort of terrace near the pagan temple close by,

which seemed admirably fitted for the purpose, and some of the natives went to measure the ground, both for the nave and for the sanctuary. This act was noted by three of the pagans, who hastily retired to the hut which served as a meeting-place for the heads of the village.

Father Rudolf, however, despatched a Christian native of Orlim, Ignatius Rodriguez, to follow them, and to learn what was being discussed. He found the people gathered together in their temple, and returned to report that the pagans were going through some rites either of sacrifice or of divination. The smoke that arose, however, prevented him from seeing clearly what was being done, except that the Hindu priest was evidently exciting the people to vengeance, and he heard him exclaim, "The gods wish for the sacrifice of these five cocks"—the ordinary victims of the pagan population. "Kill these our foes, who have come to destroy our religion!" The assembly replied by cries of "Death!" as they flourished their weapons, and clashed them together.

Blessed Rudolf's only advice was that his followers should keep calm, because the object of the Fathers' visit was not to do any harm to the villagers, but to convert them to God.[1] But just at that moment Calgu came, with some others, to beg the Fathers to fly at once, as their massacre was decided upon. Accordingly, they

[1] Evidence of Ignatius Rodriguez, *Summ.* p. 70, n. xvii.

moved off with all their followers, in the direction of the river.

Hardly had they gone a few steps, however, when they heard behind them a great clamour and war-cries. On turning round, they saw their Christian servants running at full speed from the bazaar, pursued by some twenty natives, who were led by their priest. The pagans were armed with swords, clubs, lances, bows and arrows, and were shouting out, "Kill these sorcerers, these disturbers of our land, these enemies of our gods, the destroyers of our temples and of our worship!" As soon as the Fathers saw them, they went towards them to shield their own people, for they knew that the pagans sought their lives only. The Christians from Orlim tried to pacify the assailants, and protested that the Fathers meant them no harm. But the only answer was a shower of arrows. Gonzalo Rodriguez at once levelled his musket, which had been carried for him by his servant. Blessed Alphonsus exclaimed,[1] "Come, come, Senhor Gonzalo, we are not here to fight." And he either put out the match,[2] or placed himself before the barrel,[3] exclaiming to the Hindus, *Biûm nacâ*—"do not be afraid." Gonzalo flung down his gun in a rage. The Fathers stopped some others among the native Christians who

[1] Simon Castro, *Summ. Respons.* p. 7, § 28, an eye-witness.
[2] Evidence of Francis de Braganza, *Summ.* p. 37, § 43.
[3] De Souza, i. ii. p. 91.

also wanted to fire on their aggressors. The Christian interpreter, who had a horse, implored Father Rudolf to mount it and fly, but he refused.

Just then another band of some two hundred pagans leaped up from behind a small hill, where they had lain in ambush, and then a third body, still more numerous, appeared on the road by which the Christians had hoped to escape. These last were led by two herculean young men, whose naked bodies, and dishevelled hair, were a signal of war to the death. They were the first that came up to the Fathers. "I leave myself in God's hands. Flight is now impossible," exclaimed Blessed Rudolf. The five knelt down, lifted up their eyes and hands to God, and then stretched out their arms in the form of a cross.

"Where is the great Father?" asked the leaders of the pagans. Acquaviva answered the question, for he arose and went up to them. They turned savagely towards him. One of them flourished his scimitar, and gave the Father a deep gash in his thighs, which made him sink on his knees. As he had been wont to do so often in prayer, he unfastened the stiff collar of his cassock, and, turning it back, unbared his throat. Then, inclining his head on one side, he awaited his death-stroke. The Indian assailant dealt two blows on his neck, which made great gaping wounds, but did not decapitate him. The weapon of another came down with such violence on the left shoulder as well nigh to sever the arm,

which only hung by the skin, and nearly all his fingers were cut off. Then an arrow went deep into his breast. "Pardon them, O Lord! St. Francis Xavier, pray God for me! Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" were the last words of the glorious Martyr.[1] Bathed in his own blood, Blessed Rudolf fell to the ground, and breathed forth his holy soul to God.

The next to suffer, and almost at the same time, was Brother Aranha. He was standing by a deep declivity, which led down to a small rice-field, when he received a scimitar-cut with the blunt edge on his neck, and a lance-thrust in his side. He rolled down the slope as if dead, into the thick crops.

Near to him was Father Berno, a special object of hatred to the pagans, as the profaner of their temples and of the sacred objects of their worship. A terrible blow from an axe, or sword, cut away a part of his skull, which, like that of St. Thomas of Canterbury, hung down, fastened only by the scalp, while the brain poured out of the wound. A pointed stick was thrust into one of his eyes, and a scimitar stroke severed his right ear. He fell to the ground, and whilst in a hideous way they mutilated and outraged his body, the savages exclaimed, "Come now, and baptize us!"

On another part of the ground, Father Pacheco had gone forward to meet his aggressors. He

[1] Alegambe, *Summ.* p. 83, § 143.

stretched out his hands in sign of peace, but when he saw the slaughter had begun, cried out, "Strike me, I am the one who broke your idols!" A spear was driven into his breast. "O Lord," he exclaimed, as he received the blow, "Thou wast pleased to be wounded with a lance for love of me! Pardon him who has wounded me, and send other missioners to lead these men to Heaven!" Furious at his prayer, the pagans cut his throat with a spear-head, and he fell to the ground as he pronounced the Holy Name. An *Agnus Dei* was found by his murderers in his mouth.[1]

The last of the five to be attacked was Father Antony Francisco, who fell beneath a number of wounds. He was pierced with arrows, and his head was split open by a sword-cut. As the massacre went on, the murderers kept crying out, "Yes, come and make Christians of us. Plant your crosses, build your churches, come and destroy our gods and their pagodas!"

It was just mid-day when these young Martyrs, all from thirty to thirty-three years old, poured out their blood for God on that barren soil, so soon, thanks to that rain, to flourish like a garden. The traditional spot of death is to the north-east of the village, and at some short distance from where once stood the temple with its sacred tank.

In the first fury of the attack, Dominic d'Aquiar, and several Christian natives, had fled

[1] *Summ.* p. 54, § 23.

away, or had been saved by pagan friends.[1] But when the Fathers were despatched, the Indians turned upon some of the other companions of the Martyrs. They apparently made an effort to escape,[2] but were overtaken and slain. An arrow pierced the heart of the brave Portuguese Gonzalo.[3] Fourteen others were killed, and a number wounded. Of those who died, one was a young Brahman, called Alphonsus, an altar-boy of Father Pacheco. He had that day been carrying his breviary, and he stood by the martyr to the last, nor would he give up his treasure. The savages cut off his hands, hamstrung him, and left him in torture on the ground. Next day, some one finding him still alive, despatched him. Another boy, also a Brahman, in the service of Blessed Peter Berno, called Dominic,[4] has been

[1] Dominic was from Margaõ, or Verna, and is said to have belonged to a very numerous family of Costa, which was still existing in Margaõ when Father de Souza wrote his *Oriente Conquistado*, p. 193.

[2] Two spots are pointed out, but apparently with no great certainty, where the native Christians were massacred, one on the east side, close to the road to Margaõ, whither they were endeavouring to fly, and the other still further west, on the road to Assolna.

[3] A Christian native, called Didacus Fernandez, who was with Gonzalo, says that he was the very first to fall, and that one Santupo, a head man, stabbed him with his knife. *Summ. Responsiv.* p. 4, l. vi.

[4] The body of Dominic was buried beneath the altar of the large parochial church of Margaõ. When the building was enlarged, and the altar put further back, the remains were not moved, and they are now beneath the sanctuary lamp. His name is still treasured by the native Christians of Salsette. Father Allchin, S.J., communicated this fact to the author.

already mentioned as having been active in guiding that Father to the various little pagan temples when he came to destroy the idols. Dominic's uncle gloried in being their avenger, and drove a lance into his nephew's heart. Two other Brahmans also, Paul d'Acosta and Francis Rodriguez, then met their death. They were fervent converts. Paul loved to read the history of the martyrs. It affected him to tears, and he longed to die, as they had done, for our Lord. Francis, whenever he chanced to merit a reproof from the Fathers, used to answer, "Have a little patience, I will pay off all my scores to God at once, by giving my life for Him."

For reasons of which we have now no means of judging, the Cause of these companions of the five Martyrs was not brought forward before the Archbishop of the time; nor since then has any special *cultus*, or the interposition of God by miracle, called the attention of the Church to them. But we may hope that their blood was in the odour of sweetness before God.

When Brother Aranha came to himself, he looked cautiously around and saw that there was a wood close by. Into this he crawled and lay hidden among the thick vegetation, which flourishes under the hot rains of an Indian monsoon. When the massacre was over, the assassins went before the idol to thank their goddess for their victory, and to besmear the obscene figure with the blood which ran down

their weapons. Those especially who had slain the Fathers strove to pay this duty, for the Hindu priest assured them that their divinity thirsted for the blood of her enemies. They then went to look at their victims. Five *Padres* had been killed; four only were to be found.

An eye-witness tells us, a dog betrayed Blessed Aranha by its bark.[1] The Hindus found him easily, for he had been able to penetrate only a short way into the tangled bush. Aranha was worn with pain and loss of blood, and was moaning forth the Holy Name. The master of the dog tied the Martyr's arms and shouted for his comrades. They dragged him forth; the very women and children piercing his body with knives, long thorns, and pointed bamboos, till the blood flowed on every side. The Jack-fruit[2] gives forth juice when ripe. "Ah!" cried the savages, "this Jack-fruit is quite ripe and soft; but the juice is red as sandal."[3] And with that they carried him to their revolting idol. There

[1] Father Coutinho deposed at the Process, that when he was Vicar of Cuncolim, he heard every night and sometimes during the day, a violent barking as of a dog, and that both Christians and Pagans assured him it was the man whose dog had discovered Brother Aranha. *Summ.* p. 99, § 5.

[2] Jack-fruit—The *Auto-carpus integrifolia*, a tree akin to the bread-fruit, containing a custard-like pulp, with large seeds which are eaten when roasted. The juice is milky. It is described in the *Aini-Akbari*, Aan. 28.

[3] The red sandal-wood, *Ptero-carpus sandalina*, a tree used for dyeing, is quite different from the fragrant sandal wood, so much used in Indian work.

they seized him by the feet and trailed him twice around it. Then they forced him to stand as best he could upon one leg in front of it. Next he was bidden by the heathen priest to pay worship to the god. "I am not such a beast," the dying man exclaimed, "as to adore stocks and stones." There had been a question of sparing his life; but these bold words decided his fate, and one of the chief men of the village, named Aga, felled him by a blow on the head with a hatchet. He was then snatched up and tied to a tree, where he was made a target for their arrows. "Let us kill them all," they cried, "so that not one may be left to come to our village to build their churches and destroy our idols." At last their victim expired, and the assassins returned once more to smear with his blood their outraged deity. Night fell on the hideous scene. The spot where Blessed Francis met his death is now marked with an octagonal monument in stone, surmounted by a cross. It was erected the very year of the martyrdom, and upon one side of it was engraved the following inscription:

"On a tree was shot with arrows for our Lord, Aranha. This stone, which is here reared, covers its roots. 1583."[1]

[1] IN . HVA . ARVORE . ASETEADO
FOI . POR . D . S . ARANHA . AŎDE
ESTE . PADRAO . LEVANTADO
SUAS . RAIZES . ESCONDE.
1583.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BURIAL.

1583.

EARLY next morning, at the first break of dawn, as had been determined in the village council of Cuncolim, some of the Farazes,[1] a low caste of the village, stripped the bodies of the Martyrs, and fastened a rope to their legs. They then dragged them to a well or pit, which, as it was the time of the rains, was full of water. Into this they cast the remains, and covered all carefully up with trunks and branches of trees, on which they heaped up leaves, so that even if the bodies floated to the surface, they would not be seen. The pit was at some distance from the place of martyrdom.

On the preceding evening, the fugitives from the massacre had carried the intelligence to Orlim, to Margaõ, and last of all to Rachol, where the Fathers and the Captain of the Fort,

[1] De Kloguen, in his *Historical Sketch of Goa* (1829), mentions "pharazes," as one of the very low castes. A *Statistical Report on the Portuguese Settlements in India*, published by the Bombay Government, 1855, says the Farazes are "people of very low caste, bamboo-basket makers," &c.

Gomezeanes de Fiqueiredo, learnt the death of the five Jesuits. It was at once resolved to send off a lay-brother, Lazarus Ribeiro, to Goa to inform the Viceroy and the Father Provincial. But as it was then almost dark, the messenger did not arrive at the capital till three o'clock on Tuesday morning. The news spread rapidly in the capital. Some there were, at first, as is ever the case under like misfortunes, who thought to show their superior wisdom by taxing the Martyrs with rashness. But when the facts were fully known, there was but one opinion both as to their prudence and heroism. Others with more justice blamed the weakness of the authorities of Goa, many of whom were believed to have received bribes from the pagans of Salsette, which had blinded them to the ever-recurring rebellions of the natives against the Portuguese Government. There was a general desire to revenge the massacre, and the Viceroy had a difficult task to prevent the people from hastening down to the quays to take ship for Salsette. In fact, the chance beating of a drum set the whole city in motion, and Portuguese gentlemen and Christian natives alike came in thousands with arms in their hands, thinking that it was the signal for an expedition. Numbers of citizens offered money to meet the expenses.

The Ambassador of the Mogul Emperor, who was then at Goa with Father Montserrat, awaiting an opportunity to sail for Europe, was deeply affected by the news of Blessed Rudolf's death.

He laid aside his turban, lifted his eyes and hands to Heaven, and then prostrate on the ground, poured out his soul in grief. He wrote at once to his Imperial master, and the news was received at the Court of Fatehpur-Sikri with deep sorrow, even by the most violent Muhammadans. Akbar wept bitterly. He regretted deeply the permission he had given to that angel in human form to leave his dominions. Nor was the Crown Prince less grieved at the death of his friend.

Father John Fernandez had been Professor of Greek and Hebrew at Toledo, when but eighteen, and in later life, was Professor of Theology at Rome and Louvain. He had been on the flagship with Don John of Austria at Lepanto, and had assisted him at his death. Fernandez was as great a preacher as a professor, but greater still by his close union with God. On his return from Flanders into Spain, he beheld the martyrdom at Salsette in one of his many raptures during prayer. It was the very day on which the massacre happened. Horrified at the sufferings of the five, he asked his Angel Guardian why God had allowed these Religious to suffer death, and was answered: "Because He wished to make them Martyrs of Jesus."[1]

Young Charles Spinola, of the family of the Counts of Tassarolo, whose father was Master of the Horse to Emperor Rudolf, was studying with

[1] Patrignani, *Menologio*, Venice, 1730, t. i.; Marzo, p. 60.

his uncle, the Cardinal-Bishop of Nola. His head was full of ambitious thoughts, and he counted on the patronage of the Emperor and of the Cardinal for speedy advancement. The news of the martyrdom of Cuncolim reached Naples. It swept from Charles' mind all his dreams of worldly glory, and he resolved to enter the Society of Jesus. From his horrible prison or cage at Omura he wrote to Father General Vitelleschi, that he owed especially to the prayers of Blessed Rudolf the grace of his imprisonment, just as he owed to him his call to religion and his desire to go as a missioner to Japan. May we not believe that to our Martyr's prayers he was beholden for the glorious death which he died for Christ?

Half a century later, when another future martyr, Marcellus Francis Mastrilli, then a priest of the Society of Jesus, was on his way to Japan, he paid a visit to Loreto. The story of his miraculous cure and his vision of St. Francis Xavier, who promised him the grace of martyrdom, is too long to be told here. It was on July 14, 1634, that he reached the Holy House, and the Father determined to keep the Vigil of Blessed Azevedo and his Companions, and of the five Salsette Martyrs within that sacred sanctuary. Suddenly he beheld these servants of God kneeling around our Lady, and begging her to confirm to Marcellus the grant of a martyr's crown. Then the scene changed, and he found himself in far-

off Japan, with the executioner's sword raised above him, a scene to be realized four years later, on October 17, 1637.[1]

The news of the martyrdom was received at first by the Fathers of Goa with the greatest grief; Father Ruy Vicente, the Provincial, could not restrain his tears. He had not only lost five most valuable subjects, but had himself missed the crown which they had gained. But the sorrow soon changed into joy when the triumph of the Martyrs was fully realized. Some of the Fathers begged to be allowed to go to Salsette and give their brethren honourable burial. After the early dinner and before they rose from table, Father Vicente addressed a few touching words, broken with emotion, to the large community. It numbered over seventy. He enlarged on the great favour vouchsafed to them in having five of their Brethren crowned with the martyr's glory, and ordered the priests to say Mass as a thanksgiving, and those who were not priests to recite the Rosary for the same intention. He concluded by desiring as many as possible to start at once with him for Salsette. Accordingly, at eleven o'clock, thirty Fathers and Brothers set off. So full were they of courage that, in spite of the heat, most of them reached Margaõ,

[1] *Summ.* p. 188; Angelini, p. 180. When the processes of BB. Spinola and Mastrilli were being gone through, Mgr. Octavius Acquaviva urged that it was right that their proto-Martyr should share their honours with them.

some eighteen miles off, a little after dark, although some of the older and weaker ones stayed on the road, at Cortalim or at Verna. The following day, July 18th, all assembled at Rachol, while the Captain of the Fort and the chief among the native Christians made every effort to obtain the bodies of the Martyrs. The village authorities of Cuncolim pretended not to know what had happened or where the remains were to be found, and messages were sent backwards and forwards without any result.

It was soon clear that the people of the place were determined not to surrender the relics of the Martyrs, and even to resist by force of arms any effort to obtain them; and, as it was impossible for the moment to despatch any troops, recourse was had by the Governor of Rachol to stratagem. A Christian native of high position, Manuel Coutinho, offered to write a letter pretending to be from the General Council of Salsette, which was composed largely of pagans, enjoining the commune of Cuncolim to deliver up at once the bodies to those who accompanied the bearer of the decree. It declared that otherwise they would bring certain ruin upon themselves and their families. The name of Manuel, which stood high amongst the leaders of the people, carried great weight, nor did the Viceroy forget to reward the inventor of this device. The authorities at Cuncolim believed in the authenticity of the letter, and they ordered the *Farazes* to take the Martyrs

out of the pit and to carry them to the north bank of the river, where the deputies sent from Rachol were awaiting them. The Christians received the naked bodies and covered them reverently with large cotton cloths, which form the native dress. They laid them on five stretchers, made like ladders, with poles and branches of trees, and carried them to Margaõ. There they were met by Captain Fiquiredo and a number of Portuguese, who with the Christians of that town, bore the remains on to Rachol.[1]

The Fathers from Goa had by this time lost all hope of regaining the sacred treasure, and they were talking of going back the very next morning, Thursday, when just at nightfall a native Christian arrived with the glad tidings that the remains of the Martyrs were on their way. At once the whole body of Religious moved out from the College to meet them, and hardly had they left the town before the bearers came in sight. The Fathers bent their knees in reverence, and then burst out into the *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*. They gladly gave a hand to carry the holy burden. The procession stopped at a little chapel just outside Rachol, where the bodies were to be laid out as best they could. Their long immersion in the water had caused them to swell to such a size as to make it

[1] De Souza, i. d. ii. p. 194.

difficult to recognize them,[1] and it was impossible to clothe them in the Jesuit habit or in sacred vestments. Fortunately the Father Procurator had brought from Goa some large pieces of white stuff in which to wrap them. But before long, Father Laerzio Alberti, to whom the Provincial had entrusted this duty, called Father Ruy Vicente, the Governor of Rachol, the Portuguese who were with him, and some Fathers and Brothers who were waiting outside, to come into the chapel and view the bodies. It was a terrible sight to see the wounded, disfigured, and lifeless remains of those from whom they had parted in full health and strength but a few days before. When those who had been invited had retired and four of the bodies had been prepared for burial, on uncovering the remains of Blessed Rudolf, the wound in his breast was seen to give forth blood and water, while the wounds in the neck boiled up with blood. The Fathers were again summoned, and with great devotion dipped linen cloths into the open wounds, and reverently kissed them. The Father Rector of Goa was forced at last to intervene, and to remind them that it was already late, after nine o'clock at night.

With cross at their head, the boys of the

[1] Father Gomes Vaz, another eye-witness, contradicts this; *v.* De Souza, who quotes his words, pt. ii. c. i. d. ii. p. 194: "All could be recognized three days after death, just as they were in life."

Seminary of Rachol, followed by the Christians of the place and the Jesuit Fathers and Brothers, moved on at last in reverent procession. As they bore the Martyrs' relics through the broad streets of Rachol, under the glorious sky of the tropics lit with the sparkling stars, the many torches and candles seemed to reflect their brilliant light in the still and balmy air. The joyful notes of the *Benedictus* went up while the long *cortége* passed on to the College Church of Our Lady *ad Nives*,[1] close by the fort, where the burial was to take place. There the remains were laid down on the benches, while a grave was being dug, the cantors singing meanwhile the hymns from the Office of Martyrs in the Breviary. The crowd at once began to dip their handkerchiefs into the blood which was still flowing from some of the bodies, while others plucked away the hair, the nails, the very skin, as relics. Blessed Rudolf was the one whom they specially honoured by these pious thefts.

When the grave was at length dug at the foot of the steps of the high altar, Father Alberti sent for a large packing-case which had been used to hold corn or rice, the very one in which Blessed Aranha had been accustomed to take his rest. In this, with the help of a Brother, the Father laid the five Martyrs, and he put a plank between each, so that their remains might be recognized without any difficulty. It was past

[1] It served as the parish church of the place.

midnight by the time the funeral was over, the box closed up, and the grave filled in. But before the people left the church, exact note had been made in the sacristy of the order in which the bodies were placed, so that as far as possible it might not be forgotten. The following day, the feast of St. Symphorosa and her martyr boys, in thanksgiving for the grace given, the Provincial sang the Mass of those Saints. It had a special fitness for the solemn occasion.

The vengeance taken by the Portuguese upon Cuncolim is not pleasant telling. The Governor of Rachol marched a body of troops into the village, but the murderers had already fled across the frontier. It is a consolation to know that the Fathers of the Society begged, as Blessed Pacheco had done before, that pardon might be extended to all of them. But their prayer was not granted. A fort was erected at Assolna, in a strong position on the Salt River. Every means was employed by the Governor, Vincent de Villalobos, in obedience to superior orders, to arrest and punish the ringleaders of the massacre. In vain the natives offered sums of money to obtain an amnesty, on the plea that their religious principles had obliged them to take vengeance on those who had outraged their gods. They promised to be, for the future, faithful vassals to their Sovereign, if only he in turn would refuse to allow their belief and worship to be interfered with; and in order to show their willingness, they offered to dig a canal some

two miles long by which the Rio de Sal and the estuary at Rachol should be joined, and by that means a large part of Salsette would be cut off from the mainland, and so protected from invasion on the part of the King of Bijapur.

At length fifteen of the head men of the neighbouring villages came, on a day fixed, into the fort to promise friendship and to demand pardon. The moment they had entered, the gates were closed behind them, and, with the exception of one who jumped over the wall and escaped, the rest were massacred by the soldiers with their swords and daggers. Others—some six or eight—who had remained across the frontier, were put to death by hired assassins. Then and then only was an amnesty proclaimed. But the five villages which had shared in the crime were confiscated to the Crown by the Viceroy, Don Edward de Meneses.[1] He granted Cuncolim and Verna to a Portuguese Captain, John de Silva, while he bestowed Assolna, Velim, and Ambelim on Don Peter de Castro, whose brother became Archbishop of Lisbon.

About a month after the martyrdom, St. Aloysius, on the feast of the Assumption, received our Lady's bidding in Madrid to enter the Society of Jesus. Had not God chosen him to replace his kinsman in the ranks of the Society of Jesus on earth?

[1] 1588—1591.

CHAPTER XII.

HONOURS AFTER DEATH.

1583—1870.

When the news of the martyrdom reached Rome, Father Claud Acquaviva wrote a long and affectionate letter to the Duke of Atri, in which he spoke with all the faith of a Catholic and the tenderness of a brother. The Duke was ill in bed when the letter arrived, but so full was he of the thought of God's goodness in making him the father of a martyr, that he insisted on getting up at once and prostrating himself on the ground. He humbly kissed the floor, as an expression of gratitude, while his heart went out in a flood of tears. He ordered his household to dress in their holiday suits of white, and welcomed the news with illuminations, fire-works, and all the state which he could display. Nor did he forget the poor, to whom he distributed bountiful alms.[1]

"Eternal praise and glory," he wrote to the Father General, "be given to the name of the Lord, who has deigned to look down upon our family. Upon me, who because of my grievous

[1] Bartoli, *Missione*, p. 102.

faults and small amendment had the right only to expect great chastisement in this life, and eternal punishment in the next, God, blessed be His name! has bestowed instead two extraordinary favours. The first is to have destined you, my dear brother, to a post most toilsome but most noble in His vineyard; the second is to have glorified Rudolf with such a precious crown, and to have added his blood to that of so many others, who, before and since His holy life on earth, have shed it as a witness to our Divine redemption. These two most extraordinary favours fill me with great fear lest to my other demerits be added that of an ingratitude, which could never be expiated. I beg you, therefore, to aid me by your prayers to obtain for me light from my Maker and my Saviour, by whose guidance I may know how to ask of Him His right spirit. For if, with your aid, I should beg for this spirit with sincere and ardent desire, I am sure that He will not give me a scorpion instead of an egg, as He Himself has said. God grant you as long a life as He sees is needful for His service. Goodbye."

The brother and sister of the Martyr—Hadrian, the Count of Conversano, and Isabella Ruffo, the Princess of Scilla—had great *feste* in honour of Blessed Rudolf on their estates.[1] Nor was Señor John Pacheco, the lord of Minaya, behindhand

[1] Bartoli, *Missione*, pp. 102, 123.

in his expressions of joy, when the news of his cousin's martyrdom reached him. He wrote to the Father General: "Not only myself, but all my vassals are rejoiced at the glad and blessed news of the martyrdom of my cousin, Alphonsus, who was born here at Minaya. For we deem ourselves blessed, because from this our family has gone forth one, from whom such service to God and such glory to ourselves has redounded. As we fully realize the favour He has done for us, we have returned thanks by a public solemnity. And in presence of Father (James) Mesquita,[1] who will be the bearer of this, the council of Minaya and the people of my estate, have all conjured me to beg your Paternity in their name that you would order the Provincial of India to send us an arm or a leg of our fortunate Father Pacheco to place in the church, wherein he was baptized, so as to be its Patron and Titular. This, besides, will be a great delight to us, and of great help to the better service of God. For as soon as you deign to give us these relics, we shall beseech His Holiness to grant a Jubilee, to

[1] Father James Mesquita was a Portuguese of good family and related to the Pachecos. He seems to have entered the Society in India, and he went to Japan. He accompanied the Japanese Ambassadors to Europe as an interpreter, on account of his perfect knowledge of their language, and on his road from Murcia to Alicante, and so to Rome, called at the Castle of Minaya. He returned to Japan, and was Provincial during the outbreak of the terrible persecution. When expelled from Nangasaki, he took refuge in a fisher's hut, and died there of a severe illness, untended, unaided, and in the greatest poverty.

be gained on the day of his martyrdom. If it may not seem fitting to do all this before he is lawfully proclaimed to be a martyr, I beg you to give me the relics to be kept privately. Should you grant what we ask, it will be a source of very great joy, not to myself alone, but to all the inhabitants of this place, and to the whole of this province.[1] And what makes me hope for this favour is, that at the very time the good news of the martyrdom arrived, there came here the Japanese Princes,[2] whom I entertained and served. I learn that Father Garcia de Alarcon,[3] who is a relative and señor of our family, is in Rome, and he will join with these Princes in pleading for us with you. In short, I beg you again and again, and I beseech you not to inflict on me the sorrow of a refusal. Save for the duty which I owe my wife and family, I should go myself to India to steal away a relic. And if I do not deserve to be heard, may the religious and holy and helpful friendship which existed between Father Rudolf Acquaviva, your nephew and my first cousin, avail. Minaya, Dec. 7th, 1586."[4]

[1] New Castille.

[2] The Christian Ambassadors from Japan.

[3] Father Garcia was the son of Alonzo de Alarcon and of Joan Pacheco, the sister of Don John de Silva y Pacheco, founder of the Jesuit Novitiate of Villarejo. He succeeded when young to his father's estates, and the same year followed St. Francis Borgia's example and entered the Society. He held many positions of importance at Rome and in Spain. Father Acquaviva in 1581 made him Assistant for Spain, and he remained in that post at Rome for twelve years. See Patrignani, *Menologio*.

[4] *Summ.* p. 55, from Alegambe. Cf. Bart. *Missione*, p. 123.

In fact, no sooner did the news arrive in Europe, on the return of the fleet in the August of that year, than the joy felt by the community at Goa was shared by all.

Although the decrees of Urban VIII. did not then exist, the Father General was tempted to blame the honours accorded at Goa. He dreaded any undue partiality for Rudolf, and summoned a consultation, not merely of his Assistants, but of some of the first theologians of the Order, such as Bellarmine, Suarez, then professor at the Roman College,[1] Giustiniani, Tucci, and Azor, as well as a number of theologians from outside. They all agreed that the Superiors in India were right in not ordering prayers for the dead, and in having annual services of thanksgiving with a panegyric.

When the Father General laid before Gregory XIII. and the Cardinals the letter of Father Valignano, the Pope, who had blessed the martyrs at their audience but a few years before, considered, together with the Sacred College, that their death fulfilled all the conditions of a true martyrdom, nor did they call them by any other name than the happy and blessed Rudolf and his companions. Such even was the feeling with which Pope Gregory received the news, that the whole Roman Court were certain that he

[1] He lectured there from November, 1580, till 1588, when his chest became delicate, and obliged him to discontinue. Maffei, *Vita del P. Suarez.*

would canonize them at once; and when a print of them was published, it was not only kissed by the Pope and then by the Cardinals, but it was sought after and bought up in large numbers.

To return to Salsette. The property granted to Castro was about to be sold, as that gentleman was returning to Europe. The Novitiate of the Province was unendowed, and could not support the number of novices who applied for reception. Father Valignano was anxious to obtain this property, and bade the novices to pray hard that God might arrange all for the best. A venerable lay-brother, the procurator of the College, went to solicit the prayers of a holy woman of the Third Order of St. Francis, which she kindly promised. But a scruple came upon her that such an endowment was contrary to the perfect essence of Religious Poverty. Suddenly she saw a Religious of the Society, with wounds on his neck and head, and with his forehead circled with a radiant crown of precious stones. "My daughter," he said to her, "some support must be found to keep want from the door of the Novitiate, otherwise it will have to be closed against many who seek an entrance. Put away all fear, and pray earnestly to God." "Who are you?" she reverently asked. "I am Rudolf," he replied, "whom the love of God drove to death in this land."[1]

She prayed, and her prayers were heard, for

[1] *Litt. Annuæ, S.J.* 1586, 1587, p. 580.

when Father Valignano ventured to broach the matter to the proprietor of the land, who was a good friend of the Society, although he asked for time to consider, he finally granted the request, and the property was conveyed to the Provincial, with the full approval of the Viceroy.

A Father and Brother were sent to the place, and their kindliness soon won over the natives. The faith grew and flourished there. A church was built, and before many years all the inhabitants became Christians. God blessed the giver even in this life by great prosperity; and the elevation of his brother that very year, 1586, to the primatial see of Lisbon, seemed to be one of the first marks of Divine favour.

The prophecy of Blessed Peter Berno was speedily fulfilled. Within a year of the martyrdom, 1,500 pagans were converted; in 1586 and 1587, the inhabitants of five villages, and, in 1588, of four others, demanded Baptism. It is a proof of their sincerity, that in one of these places whoever became a Christian was condemned beforehand to death. In 1596, the Christians of Salsette amounted to 35,508.[1] Nor did Cuncolim continue to be hard of heart. One of the many converts there, like St. Paul, at the death of St. Stephen, had had a hand in the bloodshed. He became a fervent Christian, and, with the great majority of the village, received Baptism.

The well into which the martyrs had been

[1] Suau, p. 183, from whom most of these details are taken.

thrown soon became known as a place of healing, and pagans and Christians alike, from every part of Salsette, flocked to it, and its water was carried even to Goa. The pit was in consequence built up as a regular tank, and two arches surmounted by a cross were thrown over it, like the ribs of a crown. In course of time a church was built on the spot, which had been selected by the Martyrs and dedicated to Our Lady of Health—*Nossa Senhora da Saude.*

When, in 1590, Gregory XIV. promoted Octavius Acquaviva to the Cardinalate, the Pope mentioned among the glories of his house, "his brother Rudolf, who in past years suffered death with such constancy for the faith."

For fourteen years the bodies of the Martyrs rested in the church of Rachol. In 1597, as it was feared that the town was dangerously exposed to attack during the waning power of Portugal, the Visitor, Father Pimenta, received orders in consequence, from Father Claud Acquaviva, to remove the precious relics to the church of the Jesuit College at Goa, dedicated to St. Paul. The greatest secrecy, however, was to be observed, lest the commander of the fort and the people of the town should oppose the measure. The duty of translating the relics fell upon Father Laerzio Alberti,[1] who was then

[1] He was a native of Orte, in the Pontifical States. He sailed for India with Blessed Peter Berno in 1579, and died in Cochin in 1630. Sommervogel, *Bibliothèque de la Cie. de Jesus*, 1893.

Superior of Salsette. Five leather cases were prepared, and on the 8th or 10th of July, Father Alberti, with a Brother and three workmen, began at nightfall to excavate the tomb. The chest was discovered and opened, and the Father reverently placed the bones of each martyr in a separate case, with the name attached to each. The grave was then filled up, the box, which had become decayed, was left in its old position, where an inscription in Portuguese told of the former resting-place of the Martyrs.[1] An hour before dawn the treasure was safe on board a small sailing-boat, and a little before mid-day it reached the quays of Goa, and the relics were taken to St. Paul's. From the door of the church they were devoutly borne to the sanctuary, and then in solemn procession to the adjoining Novitiate, where for a short space they reposed at the side of the altar. Finally, they were transferred to the sacristy, in which the other relics were kept. The Father General had ordered that all the bones of the entire right arm of Blessed Rudolf were to be brought to Rome at the next meeting of the *Procuratores*, or representatives of the Society, by the one who was selected for Goa. The lot fell on Father Laerzio himself. The relic proved a protection

[1] "Under this slab were deposited the bodies of five Religious of the Society of Jesus, . . . whom the idolaters put to death at Cuncolim, . . . and whose relics were translated to the College of St. Paul at Goa, July, 1597." Fonseca, *Sketch of the City of Goa*, p. 47. Bombay, 1878.

to him in a terrible storm, which blew his vessel and its two companions back some fifty miles from the Cape of Good Hope.[1] He arrived at Lisbon on August 23rd, 1600, only to experience a fresh protection when sailing across the Mediterranean from Alicante to Leghorn.[2] He reached Rome in safety on November 22nd, and placed the relic in the hands of Father Claud. In accordance with the request of the Pacheco family, an arm and leg of Blessed Alphonsus were sent to Europe, but the vessels selected were not fated to bring the relics to Lisbon. One was lost off Portugal, while the other, which bore the sacred treasure, got waterlogged off Mombasa, and had to return to Goa. In 1609, however, this treasure was brought in safety to Spain. The left arm of Blessed Rudolf was sent from Goa as a present to the Jesuit College at Naples. The voyage was but of forty days—extremely quick for those times—but the bearer, Father Dominic Capece, died on shipboard. Other relics of the Martyrs were sent in 1715 to Cardinal Francis Acquaviva.

Monsignor d'Amorim Pessoa, Archbishop of Goa, who arrived in India in December, 1862,

[1] The captain talked of wintering at Mozambique. On the fourth night Blessed Rudolf appeared to Father Laerzio, promising him a favourable wind, and the Father awoke to hear the whistle of the boatswain calling the sailors to spread the sails. Deposition of Father Laerzio, Angelini, p. 162.

[2] Deposition of Father Laerzio, *Summ.* pp. 112—119.

removed the relics of the five Martyrs in the following year from the Seminary of Chorão, the former Novitiate of the Society, to the Cathedral of Old Goa. When passing through Bombay, in the May of 1869, he acceded to the request of Bishop Meurin, S.J., then Vicar Apostolic of Bombay, to be allowed to take some of these relics. Accordingly, the Archbishop wrote to the Vicar Capitular, or to the *Junta Governativa*, whom he had appointed to govern his diocese while absent in Europe, informing them of the permission which he had granted.

Dr. Meurin, accompanied by his secretary, repaired to Goa, and was shown by the Canons of the Cathedral an old box in one of the side chapels. It was about three foot by one square, and one foot high, with an inscription in Portuguese, "The five martyrs of Cuncolim." Though divided into five compartments, with the relics separate from one another, there were no inscriptions to tell to whom they each belonged. Nor were the skeletons complete, and there were but three skulls perfect. The Bishop returned and carried away with him these three, and some of the principal bones, keeping them carefully separate as he had found them. On his return home, he ordered a beautiful casket of the black wood of Bombay, so well known to collectors of Oriental furniture, to enshrine the relics. This was divided into five compartments, and in these the larger bones were placed as they had been

found. The remainder were deposited in the Fort Chapel, Bombay.

Dr. Meurin sailed for Europe the following May, 1870. On reaching Rome, he confided his precious treasure to Father Beckx, the venerable General of the Society, who, surrounded by his consultors and accompanied by Father Boero, the Postulator of the Cause, received it with the utmost reverence and joy. That Father possessed a cap called *Benedictine*, worn by Blessed Rudolf at the time of his death. This Father Boero tried on each of the three skulls in succession. On coming to the last, that which had occupied the right hand side in the coffin, it fitted it exactly. A sword cut which went through the cap, corresponded precisely with a gash in the skull. The two other skulls had also sword cuts, but they were quite in a different direction. Thus the relics of one of our Martyrs, and that their leader, were recognized.

The claim of the five to the title of Martyrs was disputed in older days than ours. Scipio Spinelli, the Duke of Seminara, was brother to Father Antony Spinelli, the cousin and friend of Blessed Rudolf.[2] The Father had persuaded his brother to correct something that was wrong in his household, and he got the usual pay of reformers. One of the gentlemen in waiting, John Lawrence Scalabrini, was foremost among the

[2] Isabella Spinelli, the paternal grandmother of Rudolf, was sister to the Duke of Seminara. *Summ.* p. 88, cf. App. C and D.

grumblers. Several servants were talking over their grievance with him in his room, on the walls of which were hung portraits of some Jesuits, and among others, of the five Martyrs of Salsette. Scalabrini, while speaking against Father Spinelli, lashed out against the Society. "Do not dare to say that; they are holy men," said one of the group; "see how these," pointing to the picture of the Blessed five, "have died for the faith." "Do you believe that?" rejoined Scalabrini; "they must have gone into some orchard to rob fruit, and were beaten to death for their pains. Besides, these good Fathers won't come back from the other world to tell us if they are martyrs or no."

That evening, while asleep in his room, he heard some one calling him loudly by name. He opened his eyes, and there were before him Blessed Rudolf and his Companions, whom he recognized from their portraits, in a flood of light. "Do you know me?" asked Acquaviva. The poor man, trembling with fear, owned that he did. "Well, then, you see how God honours His servants who died for the faith, and who were not, as you think, killed because of their crimes. For the future, be more careful what you say, and, still more, lead a better life than you have done so far, if you do not wish to die a bad death, and be punished for all eternity." Scalabrini's screams brought the Duke to his bedside; but he had hardly strength to tell what had

happened. He went to Confession the very next day, and ended by joining the Capuchins.[1]

During the next century, in 1713, a Neapolitan gentleman, who was no friend of the Jesuits, tired of hearing Blessed Rudolf praised, declared to one of the Martyr's admirers that Father Acquaviva had only fallen a victim to one of the many accidents which travellers must expect when among savages. That night some one appeared to him, and asked in a severe tone, "Do you recognize me?" "No," replied the man, in terror. "I am that Rudolf," was the rejoinder, "whom you did not fear to insult." The gentleman made a declaration before the Archbishop of Naples of what had happened, and became a warm panegyrist of our saint.[2]

In 1633, Don Philip Mascarenhas built a chapel over the well at Cuncolim. The sanctuary and altar were erected immediately over it, and only a small square opening left, with a movable cover, to get at the water. Above the entrance are the armorial bearings of the founder, surmounted by the carving of a remonstrance, with the legend, "Blessed for ever be the Most Holy Sacrament." Below the arms is the inscription, "Don Philip

[1] Isabella, Princess of Ruffo Scilla, the sister of Blessed Rudolf, had the story from Scalabrini's lips, and she sent the account, signed by his hand, to Father Vincent Caraffa, who was at the time Provincial of the Society of Jesus in Naples. He was elected General of the Society in 1645. Suau, p. 186.

[2] Suau, p. 186. Cardinal Octavius Acquaviva had died, as Archbishop of Naples, the previous year. Moroni, *Dizionario*.

Mascarenhas caused me to be built, A.D. 1633." The chapel was dedicated to the Queen of Martyrs. In a few years after, when a church was built, in 1638, at Assolna, with that dedication, this chapel was called after St. Francis Borgia. It is now popularly known as St. Francis Xavier's.

Mascarenhas became Viceroy of Goa in 1646, and held the post for five years. His grandson was created Count of Cuncolim, in 1676.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PROCESS OF CANONIZATION.

1598—1893.

ALREADY in 1598, by orders of Father General Acquaviva, preliminary inquiries had been set on foot in Salsette about the martyrdom of Blessed Rudolf and his companions; and in 1600, the Archbishop of Goa, Alexius de Meneses, began the ordinary process of the Cause in his cathedral city.[1] Of those summoned to give their attestation, twenty-four were eye-witnesses.

In the absence of the strict laws now in force, Father Rudolf Acquaviva was almost looked upon as beatified by the mere expressions of the Popes. A painting in the sacristy of St. Vitale, a church then attached to the Novitiate of Sant' Andrea in Rome, was executed in 1603, representing Rudolf with a nimbus around his head, and in the inscription below he was called "Blessed." So, too, Father Sacchini, the well-known historian of the Society, who died in 1625, left behind him a MS. account of the Martyrs, entitled, "Life of

[1] Angelini, p. 194. Suau says, p. 193, that the Archbishop completed it that year.

Blessed Rudolf and his companions, Martyrs." And again in the handsome series of illustrations, brought out by Father Ribadeneyra, of the life of St. Ignatius, on the Saint's beatification in 1509, in the frontispiece, Rudolf Acquaviva appears as *Blessed*. St. John Berchmans, too, in his notes on July 15th, speaks of Rudolf as the "Blessed Rudolf Acquaviva."

It was not, however, till November 6, 1627, at the request of the then Duke of Atri and of the Society of Jesus, that Urban VIII. signed the Commission for the introduction of the Apostolic process. In consequence, this was begun in 1629, and the witnesses previously examined by orders of Father Claud Acquaviva, as well as the ordinary process, were accepted, while ten eye-witnesses then surviving made fresh depositions. In 1632, the process was referred to three auditors of the Rota, according to custom. But the new decrees of Urban VIII. came to block the way to further progress. The whole work had to be begun over again. It would not have been difficult to establish that the honours paid to these Martyrs dated back beyond the forty years required to exempt them from the new legislation. But an excessive delicacy allowed the Cause to fall through.[1] Nor was it resumed until 1713, during the Papacy of Clement XI., at the petition of the Duke of Atri of that time, and of the General of the Society of Jesus, Father

[1] Suau, p. 192.

Tamburini. Cardinal Tolomei, of the same Society, was the reporter, while he was opposed by Cardinal Lambertini, the future Benedict XIV., as Promoter of the faith.

In 1741, on ascending the Pontifical throne, Benedict was able to declare, on the feast of St. Bernard, August 20th, that the martyrdom was proven. The Pope himself had said several times, when obliged to argue officially on the other side, in spite of the objections he was forced to propose, that "of all the Martyrs, ancient or modern, whose history had come under his eyes, he never remembered one that was better proved than this."[1]

The second step, however, was more difficult. It was a novel detail in the new legislation to require a proof of miracles in addition to that of martyrdom, and consequently the early processes had paid no attention to the examination of those which had been worked. Father Budrioli, to whose zeal St. Aloysius owed in no small part his canonization, collected thirty miracles under the title, *Wonderful signs by which God has deigned to prove the martyrdom of His servants, Rudolf Acquaviva*, &c.[2] But the Suppression of the Society came between this and many other causes which were under examination.

In 1867, Pius IX. derogated to a certain degree

[1] Budrioli, *Segno* xxx.

[2] *Segni miravigliosi co' quali si è compiaciuto Iddio*, &c. Rome, 1745; v. Sommervogel, *Biblioth. de la Cie. de J.*

from the strict laws now in force as to the proofs of miracles in behalf of the Japanese Martyrs. This gave hopes that by a similar procedure our five Martyrs might have at last been beatified. But for the time, in 1869, a contrary opinion prevailed. At the Cause of BB. Perboyre and Chanel the question was again opened, and it was then decided that, in case a martyrdom was clearly proved, it was enough to attest the various wonders and miracles *en bloc*. This was accordingly done in a Special Congregation on July 30, 1892, and finally on the Epiphany of 1893, it was decreed that the Beatification might take place.

In the midst of the splendid feasts of the Episcopal Jubilee of our Holy Father Leo XIII., on April 16th, the solemn Beatification of the five Blessed Martyrs was celebrated with magnificent pomp in the chapel over the vestibule of the Vatican Basilica of St. Peter.

APPENDIX A.

BRITISH MUSEUM ADDITIONAL MSS. VOL. 9,854, LEAVES 1 TO 4.[1]

Leaf 1, front:

✠

Mujto Re^{do} ẽ xp'o p^{e}

Por outras minhas tera V. R. entendido como hum | homem letrado chiamado (*sic*) M. X. que por outro nome | chiama (*sic*) o pe Mõseratt. Dottor imperbiçado me tinha | ditto que queria ser Xpão, e chegou a cousa aberto, que | el Rei sabendo a deo licentia pera o ser, mas por | quanto tenho entendido d'elle nũqua foi sua a tẽção | de ser xpão aqui, mas se ouver de ser, en terras | de xpãos o quere ser, e acõteçeo, que el Rei naquellas | imbrulhadas de Dominguos Pires descobriu ato | dos que queria ser xpão mui imprudentemẽte por | que de seu natural não pode ter nada que não diga | ajnda que disculpandose cõmigo dissesse, que o fi | zera pella edificação, que podia haver sabendo se | que hũ homẽ tão honr [hole in MS. here, where the letter has been folded] casta de ma | famede queria ser

[1] The vertical mark | indicates the end of each line in the original.

xpão. Pareceme que ficeu | mui sentido elle de ser publicado ajnda que dis | simulisse (*sic*) e não deixisse [?] de trattar cõmigo co | mo d' antes, não escreveu a V. R. majs d'este | home porque duuido muito se teẽ uocacão ou |

Leaf 1, back:

não eteẽ algũas cousas que não me cõtentão o tẽ | pe nos mõstrara que havemos á esperar d'elle: poucos dias depois de termos aquel | les desgostos cõ el Rei por causa de Domĩguos | Pires. Veio de Bengalla hũ capitão prĩcipal homem mui lettrado da seitta de Sofis, que | sabe taobee (*sic*) algũa cousa de filosophia chia | mou (*sic*) me el Rei e disseme ẽ segredo que trat | tasse cõ aquelle Lettrado que podia ser que se | fazisse (*sic*) xpão. e depois chiamou aelle, e lhe dis | se este é hé o p^e de quẽ uos fallei trattai cõ | elle e elle tratta comigo mui ameud | e se mõstra mui cõforme na dottrina como o fazen [? fizen] | todos os sofis, mas quãto ao mais nõ credo | xp'm illis porque os mais d'ellas são fingi | dores N. S. os cõuerta.

El Rei traz esta corte mui ebaracada cõ | novidades que cadadia uẽ n'ella. Porque antr' outras | cousas. mõstra fazer muito acatamẽto as criatu | ras como é a o sol e a lúa. e de sabado | a noitte attee todo o Domĩguo não come carne. | e tenho por certa informação. que isto fazen | aqui muitos dos gentios, por superstição por | ser dia de [sol] [there is a hole here about an

inch long, where the letter was folded, the same hole as mentioned above: the top and bottom of the first letter, and the top of the third remain. They appear to be s and l] [n]ão somẽte [n]ão come elle | Carne mas não deixa mattar as mais das | vezes no bazar, que porisso, nos as mais das vezes não podemos comer carne o Domĩguo | Até d'isso tres dias depois de ter comẽcada | a sua quaresma; instituio hũa noua Pasqua.

Leaf 2, front.

que chiamão merjan. e n'ella mãdou que to | dos os capitaes se uestissen de festa e ouue tã | geres e Bailares pregũteo aos Astrologos del | Rei, e me disserão que é hũ a festa que os Anti | gos Reis de Persia que adorauão o fogo aco | stumauão fazer. Ficarão . . . [There is a letter or sign here which has not been deciphered: the sense seems complete without it.] os mouros mui | escãdalizados ajnda que ninguẽ se estreueo | de não o imitar. porque não acabão d'entẽ | der se estas cousas e semelhantes as faz, por | real mẽte as querer o se por esperimẽtar quã | to pode cõ os seus. Eu realmẽte não acabo | de entẽder lo porque cõ nosquo tratta mui famiar | mẽte e não deixa de querer saber as cousas | da fee como fez este inuerno todo miudamẽ | te, etc. e por outra parte pareçe que esta ĩbara | zado co outras cousas, ajnda que me cõfessau hũ | dia que elle estuua assi pasmado sẽ se saber | determinar na verdade.

[1][ou]tra festa de gentios foi ant' onte a qual el Rei festejou mais sollenemẽte que os outras annos; e uejo que bense cõpre n'esta corte aquille [mald]itto Alla[h form]ão Leis õde [qu]erẽ Reis...s'elle quisera tomar [a lei] de Deos [pa]reçe que[s]ua sagacidade o faria...seu salua (?)

Terza fera que forão 24 de Settẽbro uejo el Rei | sobre atarde auer o casamẽto de Domĩguos Pi | res en' á nossa cappella cõvidando se elle mesmo. | lhe cõcertamos a cappella mui bẽé, e lhe fiz pin | tar tres enigmas deseus honores; e lhe mãdiu (*sic*) | fazer Domingos[2] Pires hũ banquette [?] [There is a hole in the MS. about an inch long just above the last two words, and cutting off parts of them. The damage is in the fold of the letter.] a portugue | sa aqui ẽ nossa casa; folgou el Rei de tudo | muito e me mõstrau muito amor por lhe | ter feitto milhor agasalhado que podia no | casamẽto na pratica aos casados não | entẽdendo a molher parsio quis el Rei ser |

Leaf 2, back:

lingua declarãdolhe na lingua da terra a mo | lher oque eu dezia ẽ parse. esteue el Rei ẽ | nossa casa quasi attee as oito oras de nojte | cõ muito gosto. trouxe a Casa os principaes | Capitaes assi Mouros como Gentios é hũ dos | Gentios que é Regedor d'estes Reinos ficou | mui

[1] This paragraph is written on the margin of the letter, and is damaged.

[2] Name spelt differently in two places.

pasmado e fez zõbaia na cappella, Os tres | filhos del Rei esteverão presẽtes e comerão | em casa e algũs dos principaes Capitaes Mou | ros e quẽn el Rei mãdou.

não ha por ora cousa algũa de nouo que escreuer | se não propor, e pregũtar a V.R. as cousas seguin | tes primeira mẽte. Que se V.R. lhe pareçe que | totalmẽte não estee aqui busque VR algũ remedio | porque el Rei não faz casodelhe pedir licẽtia eu | e nao serue de mais que de esasperarlo. bén sa | be de mi VR que estou indifferente, e me acre | scẽta a indifferẽtia, estar suspẽso e não saber que | quere Deos D'esta missão. A 2ª causa e pedir | a VR. que m' escreue que lhe parece a cerqua | de se fazer igrejia que el Rei disse que queria faz [?] | se atteeagora não me tiuer significado a sua uõtade | per outras cartas. A 3ª fazame [? the word has been written over] V.R caridade | de me escreuer como ei de proceder cõ el Rei, por | que tenho medo que elle é alguns dos seus [hole in the fold of the letter, one or two words damaged; the reading is probably se sirvão] | de mim pera lhe éprouar a Lei de Mafamede. eto | mar as cousas que lhe cõtentão da [Sag][1] rada éscrip | tura pera algũ outro intẽto e não ja ẽ fauor de | nossa fee. porque não falta quẽ cuide que el Rei | saira hũ dia cõ algũa nouidade. A quarta é | pedir a VR que me dee huá liçenti geral pera

[1] MS. blotted.

Leaf 3, front:

toda vez que tiuer comodidade e licetia | del Rei uerme cõ VR ẽ Damão ou nõde | mãdar, porque tenho muitas cousas que lhe | comunicar d'esta missão as quaes tenho dis | cobertas depois que sei a lingoa, euou disco | brendo cada dia par õde émester mui | ta prudentia. e muito cõselho e cõside | ração ẽ trattar as cousas d'esta missão | como cõuẽ; e pode ser que não faltara | ẽ que lancar mão se depois de proposto | tudo a V.R. e tomado seu cõselho e ordẽ | cõ nouas forças ẽ spiritu comẽcarmos | esta missão. ajnda que não deixe | esta praua seitta de ter as mui grã | des difficuldades que sẽpre teue. E par agora | lhe proporei hũ mejo que me occorre *.f.* de | fazer ẽ Goa hũ seminario da Lingoa | parse pera os mouros e da industana [the whole of the preceding line is damaged: the paper has worn through at the fold; the words are guessed from what remains of them] | pera os gẽtios de mininos assi filhos | de gẽtios como mouros que la acharão | e que de qui selhe poden mãdar, o qual | meio me pareçe unico ja que el Rei | publicamẽte diz que quer quẽ ẽ suas

Leaf 3, back:

terras cada hú sigua aleé que quiser. | E cõ isto acabarei pedindo a V. Ra sua | santabenção, e os santo sagrifitios, e | oroçoes seus e de todos de futtepur oje 27 de 7^{bre} 1582.

Porque el Rei no seu formão escreue | a VR que a causa porque não tirou os | capitaes ĩnimigos uezinhos de seus of | fitios saberia demi, escreuerlhe ei | o que o mesmo Rei medisse *.f.* que | por não cuidarẽ tirãdo os l . . . g . . . q . . . | [the end of this line damaged in the fold of the paper] o faz por causa de lei mas que lhe bus | cara outra culpa polla qual os tirarã. | eja ua apparelhãdo o caminho pera . .[1] | rar Calich como eu mesmotenho uis . .[1] toda uia não sei o que fará.— | Ant' onte chegarão nouas da presa das | naos das . . . ; . . . Re . . nã . . . tee | [last line damaged in fold of letter] | attee agora fallado nisso, mas n'esta ora | mesma que escreuo me mãda achia | mar a Reinha mai del Rei.

D V R seruo ẽ Xpo

J Rodolfo.[2]

Leaf 4, front, is blank.

Leaf 4, back, contains the address between the second and third lines of folding and towards the outer edge:

✠

Ao mujto Re^{do} ẽ Xpo p^{e}

[1] One or two letters are hid by the seal, which is put on the side here. About three-quarters of the seal remain. It is dark-brown transparent wax, probably simply uncoloured lac. The cross, the top of the H, and part of the encircling crown of thorns are perfect.

[2] What looks like o may be merely a stop.

[1]. . . p[e] Ruj Vicente prouïcial
da cõp[a] de jesus n'esta[s p]ar
te[s] . . .[2] India.

[F][3]attepur. 2[a] Carta.

Note.—In the above letter the original mode of writing, the abbreviations and the punctuation have been preserved, as far as is possible in type. It must be remembered that Portuguese was not Blessed Rudolf's native language.

[1 2 3] MS. damaged here.

APPENDIX B.

DOCUMENTUM AUTHENTICITATIS RELIQUIARUM VENERABILIUM QUINQUE MARTYRUM CUNCULENSIUM SIVE GOANENSIUM EX SOCIETATE JESU.

Ego infrascriptus Leo Meurin, S.J., Episcopus Ascalonensis, *i. p. i.* et Vicarius Apostolicus Bombay, hisce attestor, Reliquias panno serico rubri coloris inclusas et meo sigillo munitas, die 5 Maji, A.D. 1869, ex theca majori, in Ecclesia Cathedrali Goanensi asservata, a me esse selectas, et Illmi. et Rmi. Dni. Joannis Chrysostomi de Amorim Pessoa Archiepiscopi Goanensis licentia prævie accepta, inde ablatas et prædicto modo inclusas et signatas esse. Hæc autem erat inscriptio in theca præfata majori: "Reliquias dos Sinco Jesuitas Martyres de Cunculim transferidos a este Lugar no anno de 1793." Quo anno translatæ sunt ex Collegio in Rachol ad Seminarium in Chorão. Anno vero 1863 præfatus Archiepiscopus Goanensis eamdem thecam majorem ad Sedem Archiepiscopalem, *i.e.* Cathedralem Ecclesiam Goanensem, transtulit. Est autem theca illa lignea in quinque partes divisa, pro ossibus uniuscujusque illorum quinque

Martyrum. Nomina eorum inscripta non sunt. Erat vero opinio universalis Canonicorum illius Sedis, et quædam generalis traditio, reliquias Ven. Rudolphi Aquaviva in media, sive tertia divisione fuisse collocatas. Reliquias secundum locum numeravi, incipiendo a manu sinistra. Porro in prima et secunda Divisione capita omnino fracta inventa sunt. Ex illis igitur solum crura vel brachia collegi, ex reliquis præterea, capita.

Bombay, hac die undecima Maji, A.D. 1869.

✠ L. MEURIN, S.J.,
Ep. Ascalon., *i.p.i.* Vic. Aplicus. Bombay.

Capita prædicta cum aliquibus ex aliis reliquiis mense Majo Romam transtuli; reliquiæ aliæ modo prædicto inclusæ in Bombay, in sacello B.M.V. de Monte Carmelo asservatæ sunt.

Bombay, hac die decimaquinta Maji, 1869.

✠ L. MEURIN, S.J.,
Ep. Vic. Ap.

Loc. Sigilli Episcopalis.

Traditio prædicta est erronea, ut Romæ compertum fuit. Reliquiæ in *quinta* divisione sunt P. Aquavivæ.

✠ L. M., S.J.

Hisce attestor, me infrascriptum a Reverendissimo Domino Archiepiscopo Bombayensi, Theodoro Dalhoff, S.J., hoc "Documentum

authenticitatis Reliquiarum Venerabilium Quinque Martyrum Cunculensium sive Goanensium ex Societate Jesu" mutuo accepisse et dein manu propria ad litteram descripsisse.

Bombay, In Collegio S. Francisci Xaverii, hac die vigesima quarta Februarii, 1893.

J. B. STEIN, S.J.,
Rector Collegii.

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